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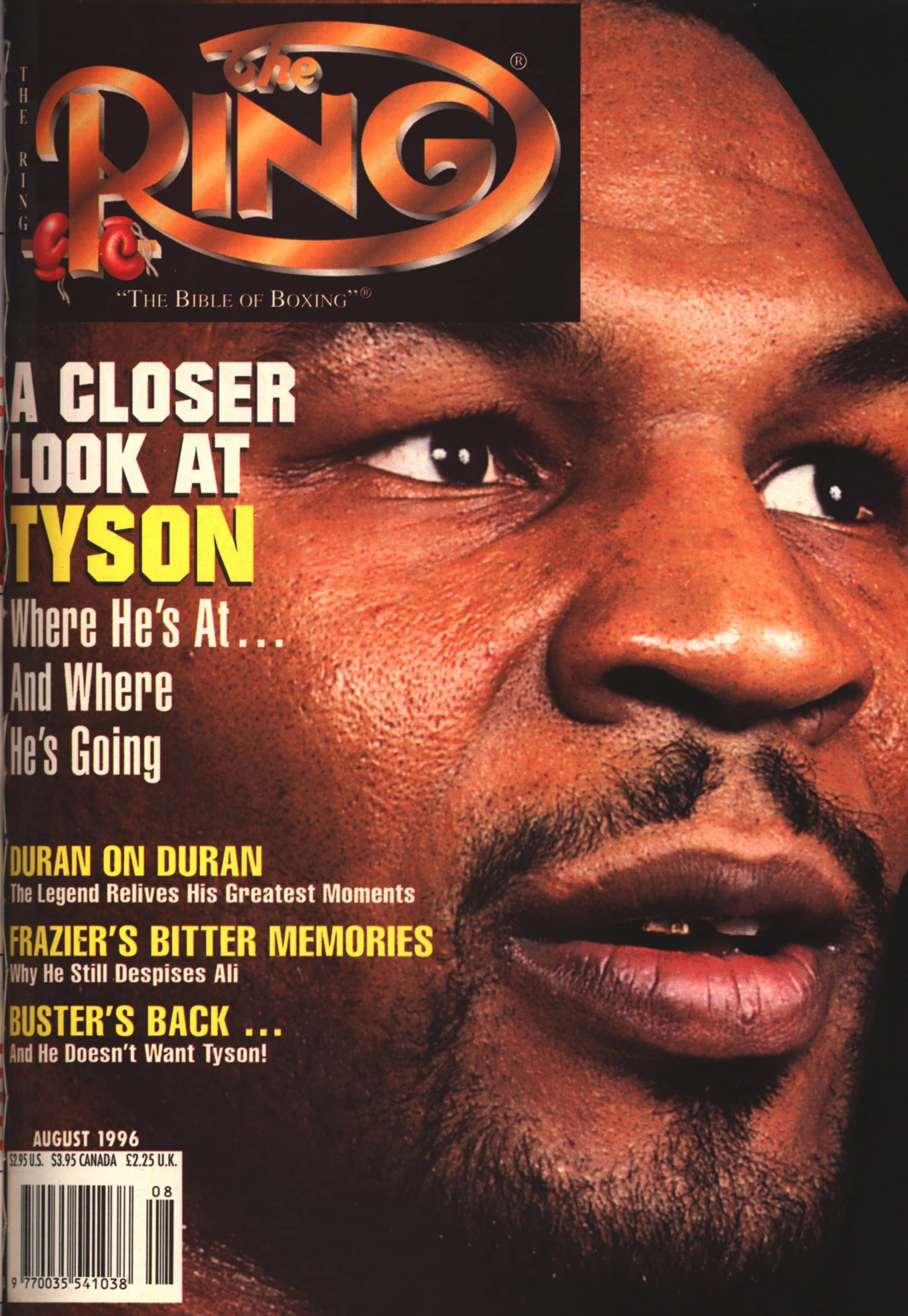

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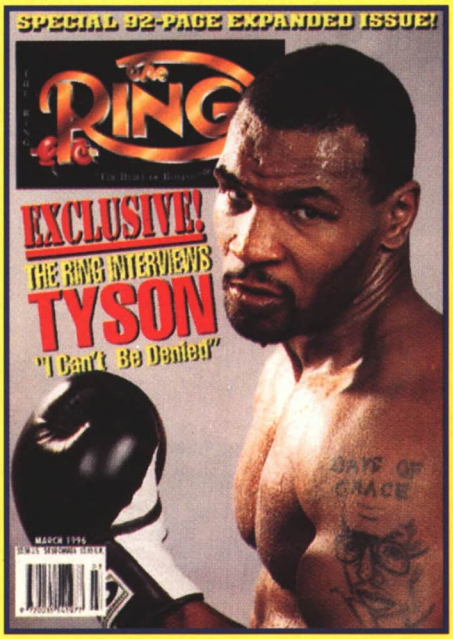

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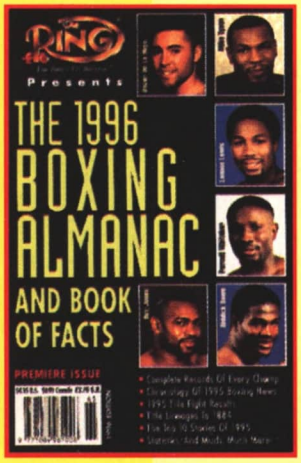

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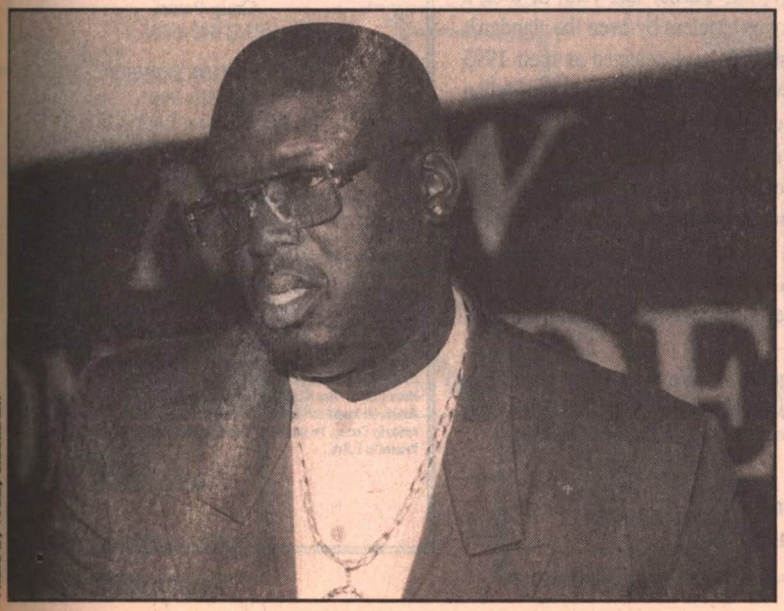

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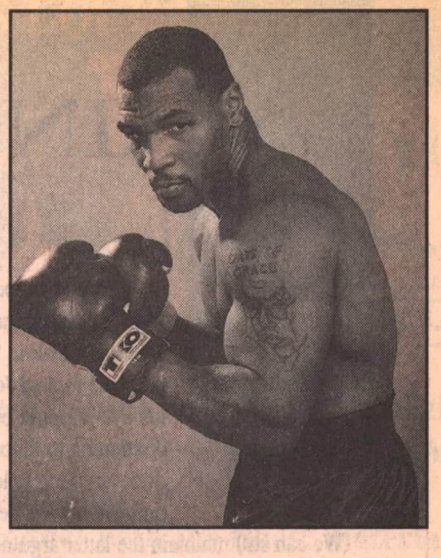

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RINGSIDE

Finding an excuse to flip-flop Pernell Whitaker and Roy Jones in our pound-for-pound ratings has been as difficult as spotting a leak in "Sweet Pea's" defense. Many boxing people have ranked Jones first for months now, or at least since his eye-popping performance vs. Merqui Sosa. We held out, continuing to favor Whitaker for two reasons. First, he hadn't done anything to lose his status. Second, his level of competition had always been far superior to that of Jones.

We can still maintain the latter argument. As for the former, let's put it this way: Had Puerto Rico's Wilfredo Rivera been awarded the decision over defending WBC welterweight champion Whitaker after their battle in April, we would have considered the verdict acceptable. The fight was that close.

(Look for coverage of Whitaker's decision victory, as well as WBA welterweight champion Ike Quartey's crushing kayo of Vince Phillips, which was featured on the same card, in next month's issue of THE RING.)

It's premature to conclude that Whitaker is on the slide, but his days as boxing's best appear to be over. Three fights ago, he struggled against Gary Jacobs, and he hardly looked special against Rivera. I don't buy the excuse that Sweet Pea has been lacking motivation. Jones has looked special in *every* fight, whether dethroning pound-for-pound entrant James Toney or blowing away the ordinary Antoine Byrd.

Last year, I presented Whitaker with the first RING pound-for-pound championship belt. He can keep it, but only as a former titleholder. In a few weeks, I'll be presenting Jones with the *second* belt. For now, at least, and probably for the future, he's The Man.

But don't fret, Sweet Pea, we're willing to make you a deal: There's no suitable competition for Jones. Conversely, the welterweight division is stronger at the top than any other. Defeat either Quartey or IBF champion Felix Trinidad and we'll consider returning you to the top spot. And I guarantee you, we won't be the only one.

***

Sports Illustrated is beginning to piss me off. America's favorite holier-than-thou publication, it seems, is *embarrassed* to cover boxing. Earlier this year, *SI* took a shot at THE RING's sister publication, *KO*. ("In moves tasteless by even the standards of the sport the cover, both *Boxing Illustrated* and *KO* have selected as their 1995 Fight of the Year the bout that put former middleweight champion Gerald McClellan into a coma and left him handicapped.") Talk about missing the point!

In the April 15 issue, the target was boxing in general. In a feature on Christy Martin, one-time *KO* columnist Richard Hoffer, who is an outstanding writer, felt the need to include in his lead, " ... women's boxing has come to seem a fairly acceptable idea, at least to the extent that boxing is at all acceptable." And toward the end of the piece, Hoffer wrote, "As more and more people resist the idea of boxing in general, women's boxing certainly becomes an increasingly pointless frontier."

Hey, guys, a suggestion: Leave the coverage to us. We may stoop so low as to cover a sport as repulsive as boxing, but we don't do any T & A issues, and we don't pretend to be holier than anyone.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 75, No. 8 August 1996

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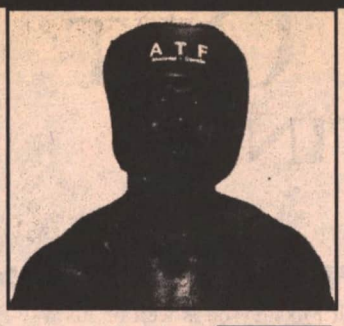

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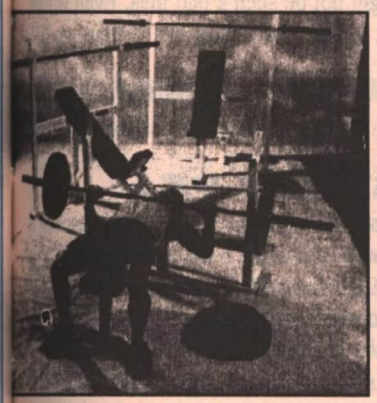

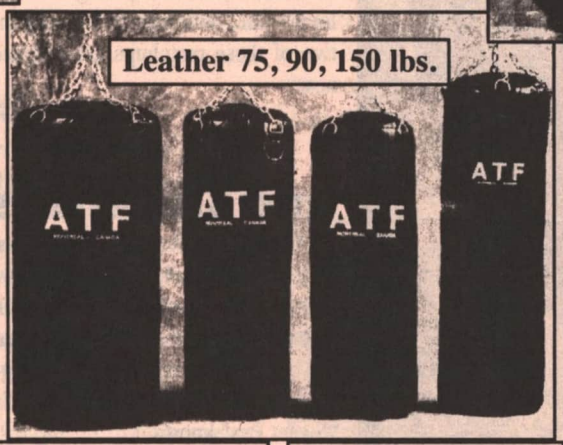

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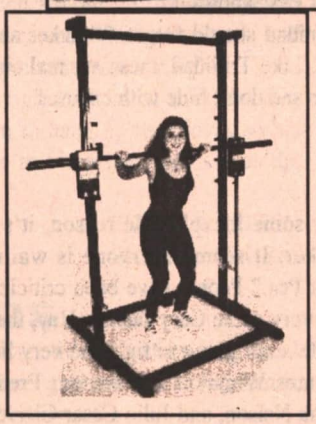

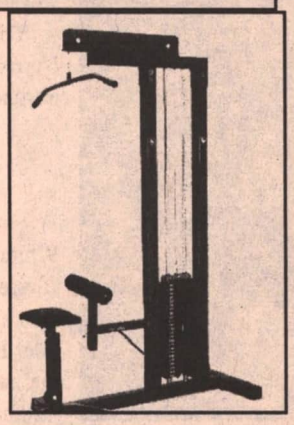

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HEAVYWEIGHT WEEDING

Well, it looks as if Mike Tyson is well on his way to reunifying the heavyweight crown. But while we wait for the inevitable, why not do some weeding in the division? Aside from the obvious (Riddick Bowe-Lennox Lewis), there are many good matchups waiting to happen.

Why not pair Michael Moorer with Bruce Seldon in a somebody's-chin-has-to-give bout? If you think that match might have too much boxing in it, why not a Jeremy Williams-Andrew Golota pairing? They both seem ready to step up in competition, and Golota certainly won't (can't) box and move like Larry Donald did in his win over Williams. And while we're on the subject of young heavyweights, how about putting Darroll Wilson in with David Tua? Fresh off his stunning kayo of Shannon Briggs, Wilson appears to be the real thing.

Speaking of shockers, Tim Witherspoon suddenly again warrants consideration as one of the top big men. I, for one, wouldn't mind seeing a rematch with Larry Holmes a decade after their first melee. The winner could dust off Big George in a loser-must-retire match. And finally, let's put a rapidly fading Evander Holyfield in with a not-gonna-get-any-better Alexandr Zolkin. "The Real Deal" has more than enough left to rid us of the tiresome Russian.

Granted, the heavyweight division is in the best shape it's been in for a long while, but some fine-tuning might not be such a bad idea. Even if just two of these matchups are realized, we'll be in better shape than we are now.

RANDY WHITWORTH
Columbia, SC

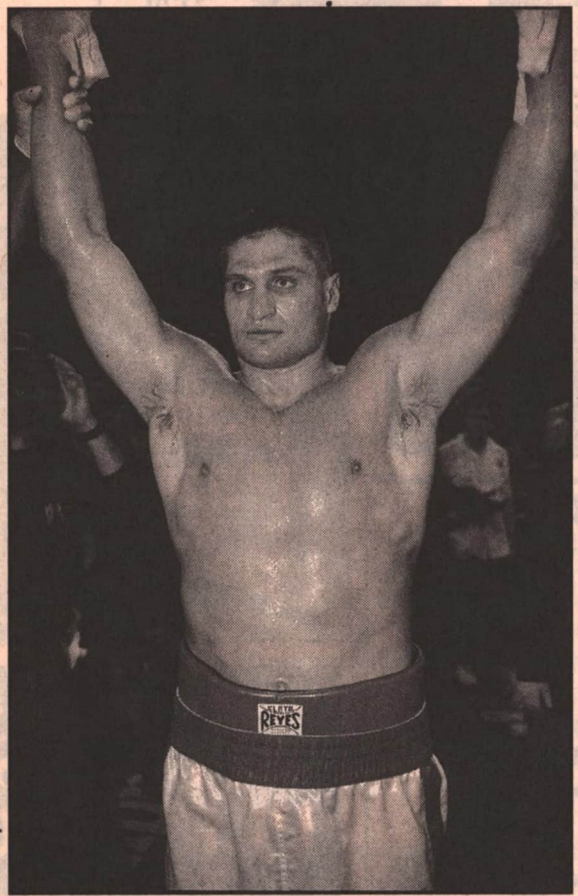


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Add Andrew Golota to the heavyweight mix. Based on his stoppage win over Danell Nicholson in March, the huge, powerful Golota is now ranked only one level below the likes of Michael Moorer, Bruce Seldon, and Tim Witherspoon.

REGARDING "SWEET PEA"

Hooray for Terry Norris! He's now saying what I've been saying for a long time: Pernell Whitaker keeps saying he's the best fighter, pound-for-pound, in the world, but Julio Cesar Chavez was his last real challenge, and that was a long time ago. Whitaker doesn't want to prove he's as much as the best *welterweight* by accepting the challenge of Felix Trinidad, which was first made two years ago. Trinidad will embarrass Whitaker, and "Sweet Pea" knows it.

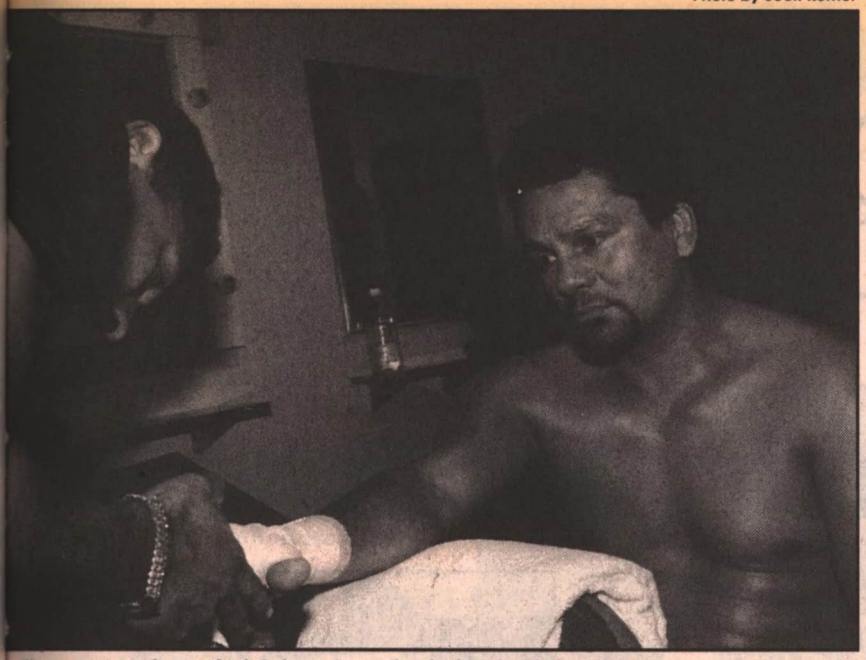
Trinidad should forget Whitaker and fight either Ike Quartey or Terry Norris. Like Trinidad, these are real champions who are not afraid to fight anyone and don't hide with excuses.

DAISY RIVERA
Bronx, NY

For some inexplicable reason, it's become trendy to pick on Pernell Whitaker. It seems everyone is waiting for Felix Trinidad to pummel "Sweet Pea." People have been criticizing Whitaker ever since his victory over a very game Gary Jacobs. Hey, the man recently won his fourth world title! He's not going to fight the very best every time out. Look at some of the names Whitaker has beaten: Fred Pendleton, Julio Cesar Vasquez, Azumah Nelson, and Julio Cesar Chavez, even if they called that last one a draw.

Criticize Whitaker all you want, but he should be 39-0. He is one of the greatest fighters who ever lived. And if Whitaker-Trinidad ever materializes,

Photo by Scott Romer



How many times do you think Roberto Duran has had his hands taped? Too many times, says reader Edwin L. Green, who isn't particularly excited about seeing Duran take on Hector Camacho.

it will turn out to be one of the most humiliating boxing lessons ever witnessed. If I were you, Tito, I'd shut my mouth before you become another name on Sweet Pea's star-studded list of victims.

DEVIN RILEY
Fresno, CA

PLEASE, NO MAS

Roberto Duran has been my favorite pugilist since the first time I saw him fight in the mid-'70s. His tough style and hands-of-stone reputation have made him one of the greatest fighters of all-time. Many up-and-comers are compared to him, but very few will ever approach the legendary status of the great Duran. Even legends, however, must succumb to Father Time.

In his most recent fight, against the relatively unknown Ray Domenge, Duran looked every bit his 44 years. Now he's scheduled to fight Hector Camacho in June. Camacho has the exact style that has given Duran so much trouble in his later years. Camacho is quicker and more elusive than Vinny Pazienza, and Duran looked particularly old in the second Pazienza fight.

I think Duran has given us enough excitement over the past three decades, and it's time for him to hang up the gloves so his fans can remember him as he was in his prime, and not as the slow, aged fighter he has become.

EDWIN L. GREEN
Bessemer City, NC

EMILE BELONGS

In the March 1996 issue, Michael Silver performed a great injustice to one of boxing's all-time greats by omitting Emile Griffith from his top 10 of New York City.

Griffith, whose name is synonymous with Madison Square Garden, was a three-time welterweight, one-time junior middleweight, and two-time middleweight champion. He boxed 21 bouts at the Garden, including 11 title bouts. He was the first fighter to regain both the welterweight and middleweight titles, and he fought more championship rounds, 339, than any fighter in history. And finally, in 112 fights, he failed to last the distance only twice.

Based on the level of greatness he reached in New York and in the hearts of the fans, surely Griffith merited marquis attention one more time.

JOHN GRIFFIN
Staten Island, NY

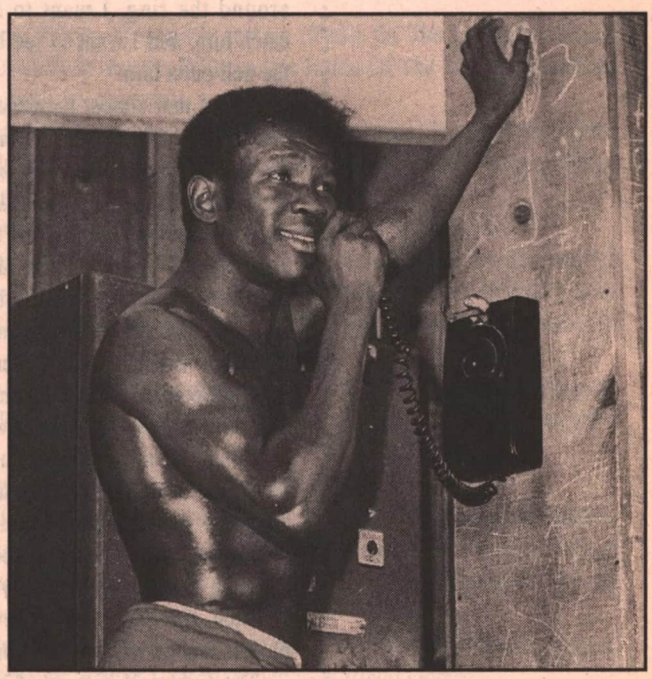
BRING BACK BIG GEORGE

On HBO's *Boxing After Dark* series, analyst George Foreman has been replaced by Roy Jones. Failing to include Big George was the biggest mistake HBO ever made. He was terrific, and everyone loved him because he stated his opinion and didn't care what anyone else thought.

I decided to give Jones a chance, but on the first show, he was full of praise for former Olympic teammate Kennedy McKinney and had nothing good to say about Marco Antonio Barrera. Even after Barrera had knocked down McKinney a few times, Jones kept talking up his buddy.

If Jones can't be fair, he should quit commentating and stick to boxing. He was a poor replacement for Foreman, a man we all love and respect for his fairness and honesty.

DONNA CRABTREE
Cadiz, KY ■



Is former six-time world champion and Hall-of-Famer Emile Griffith calling THE RING *in an effort to learn why he wasn't included on the top-10 list of the greatest fighters in the history of New York City?*

ROUND ONE

"I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH"

The problem with Roberto Duran-Hector Camacho is that the pay-per-view televised bout, to be held in Atlantic City on June 22, isn't likely to prove as entertaining as the prefight press conference.

Promoters begged the gathering of scribes to view Duran-Camacho, which will be contested at 160 pounds, as a competitive fight, and something more than a battle of legends (read has-beens). But what else are we supposed to think? "This isn't Arguello-Pryor," said a candid Lou DiBella of TVKO. "But it's fun. I want to see Roberto chase Hector around the ring, I want to see him catch him, and I want to see him beat the hell outta him."

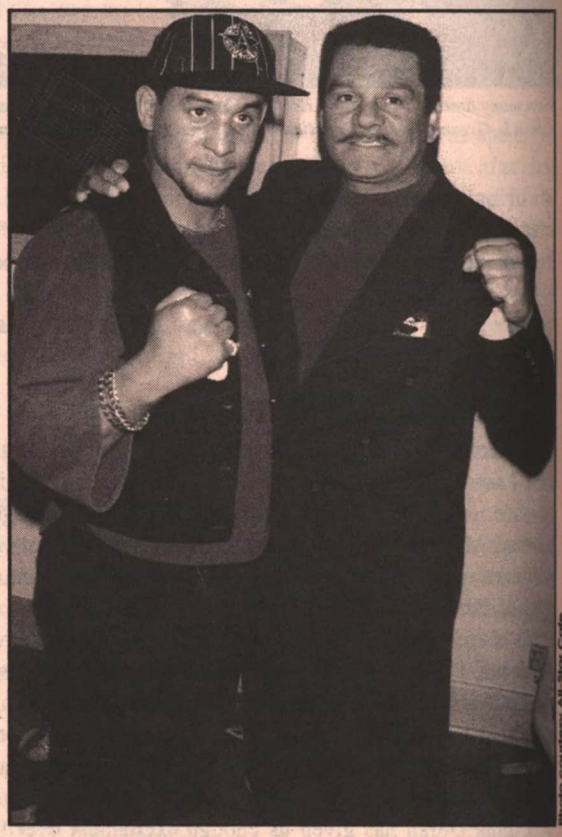


Photo courtesy All Star Cafe

Camacho and Duran: Love and hate

All of that almost happened at the New York City press conference. The fossil-like Duran, who will be 45 by fight night, was sitting quietly at the dais when Camacho arrived fashionably late. "I'm the Macho Man!" he screamed, dancing on a table-top. Duran didn't appreciate the antics and laced into Camacho with a verbal barrage in Spanish. Amateur translators caught some of the insults, most of which cannot be printed here. One of them, however, was something along the lines of "I sentence you to death."

When Duran was done, Buster Douglas, who will begin his comeback on the undercard, sensed what was coming next, and he wisely left his seat and stood along the far wall. Apparently overwhelmed with emotion, Camacho began to cry. "I've always respected you as a great fighter," he sobbed to Duran. "And you come here and disrespect me?!?"

Then Duran asked, "Do you want to fight right now?" and punches started flying. Michael Blutrich, the chairman of New Contenders, which will promote the bout, absorbed most of the blows. You know, anything for the show.

The fight will cost you $24.95. The press conference, if made available on video, would be a better buy.

–Steve Farhood

PURSE PARODY

Be sure that Rocky Balboa would cringe and blush at some of the off-color scenes in *The Great White Hype*, a boxing comedy directed by Reginald Hudlin. But he'd also double over in laughter. If any sub-culture needed to be parodied, it was boxing, and this is a very funny movie, well-written, well-directed, and especially well-acted.

Samuel L. Jackson stars as the outrageous Rev. Fred Sultan, who promotes the world heavyweight champion, James "The Grim Reaper" Roper (Daman Wayans). Jackson plays Sultan as a cross between Don King and RuPaul, and dresses in the outfits rejected by Hector Camacho. Deciding the world needs a black-white matchup, he talks Terry Conklin (Peter Berg), the lead singer of a rock band in Cleveland, out of retirement. Conklin, it seems, has issued the only loss of Roper's career, albeit while an amateur. "Irish Terry," who isn't Irish at all, promises to use his $10-million purse to "eradicate homelessness throughout the United States … and in America, too."

Also featured are Jeff Goldblum as an investigative filmmaker who challenges the omnipotent Sultan, Corbin Bernsen as the owner of the MGM Grand, and Jon Lovitz as the promoter's oft-abused publicist. However, it is the perfectly understated—and overfed—Wayans who steals every scene he appears in.

The Great White Hype is about greed and power, but it is not to be overanalyzed. It's played strictly for laughs, with the classic put-downs and the plot twists, and the plot, while predictable, unfolds at a continually accelerating pace. This one was made by pros, and so what if their punch lands a few inches below pro boxing's beltline?

–Steve Farhood

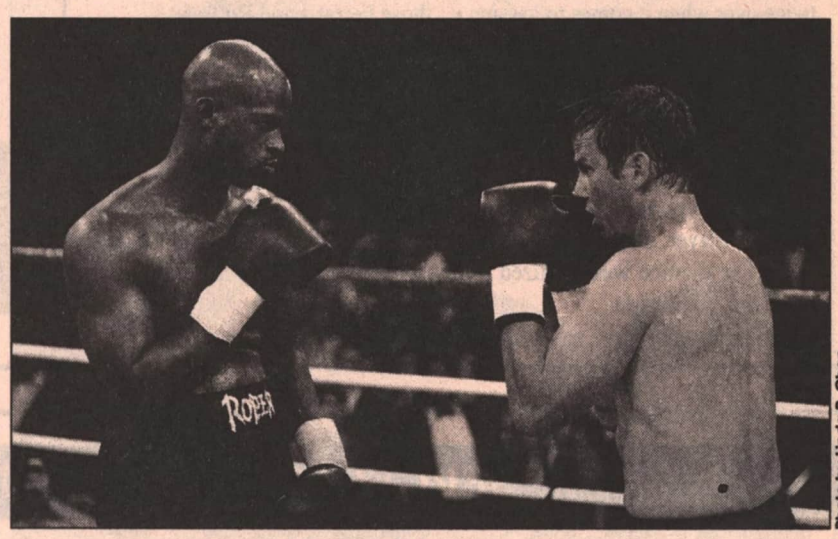


Photo by Linda R. Chen

"The Fight Of The Milennium"

A LEGENDARY MATCHMAKER'S LEGENDARY MATCHES

In THE RING, Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood plays matchmaker for the bi-monthly feature "Battle Of The Legends." In real life, Teddy Brenner, now retired, is considered the greatest matchmaker in history. What are the Battle Of The Legends matchups Brenner would like to see? Here is his list, limited to fighters Brenner saw in person.

Heavyweights: Joe Louis-Muhammad Ali, Rocky Marciano-Jack Dempsey, Joe Frazier-Mike Tyson, Larry Holmes-Max Schmeling, Sonny Liston-Max Baer, George Foreman-Jersey Joe Walcott, Billy Conn-Evander Holyfield, Gene Tunney-Floyd Patterson

Light Heavyweights: Ezzard Charles-Harry Greb, Archie Moore-Bob Foster, Maxie Rosenbloom-Michael Spinks

Middleweights: Sugar Ray Robinson-Mickey Walker, Jake LaMotta-Carlos Monzon, Tony Zale-Marvin Hagler, Marcel Cerdan-Fred Apostoli, Sugar Ray Leonard-Rocky Graziano, Joey Giardello-Thomas Hearns, Bobo Olson-Gene Fullmer, Nino Benvenuti-Luis Rodriguez, Freddie Steele-Dick Tiger, Georgie Abrams-Ace Hudkins

Brenner made his share of dream matches

Welterweights: Kid Gavilan-Carmen Basilio, Emile Griffith-Billy Graham, Jimmy McLarnin-Jose Napoles, Barney Ross-Fritzie Zivic, Johnny Bratton-Carlos Palomino

Junior Welterweights: Wilfred Benitez-Jackie (Kid) Berg

Lightweights: Henry Armstrong-Tony Canzoneri, Roberto Duran-Lou Ambers, Carlos Ortiz-Beau Jack, Aaron Pryor-Bob Montgomery, Lew Jenkins-Ismael Laguna, Joe Brown-Sid Terris, Julio Cesar Chavez-Pedro Montanez, Benny Leonard-Ike Williams

Featherweights: Willie Pep-Kid Chocolate, Alexis Arguello-Sandy Saddler, Salvador Sanchez-Chalky Wright, Baby Arizmendi-Wilfredo Gomez

Bantamweights: Eder Jofre-Jeff Chandler

THE 10 REASONS MIKE TYSON NEEDS TO MAKE MORE MONEY

10. Instead of sending his children to private schools, he wants to buy the schools themselves. ("Good morning, Mr. Hollowaaaaay ... ")

9. He still loves watching old fight films, and when it comes to those rentals from Bill Cayton's library, every nickel helps.

8. When Steve Forbes' flat tax becomes a reality, only suckers and chumps will be taking home minimum wage.

7. Don't kid yourself: The money he saves in socks and robes is spent twice over when it comes to gassing up those Ferraris and Rollses.

6. When you think about it, $30-million just ain't what it used to be.

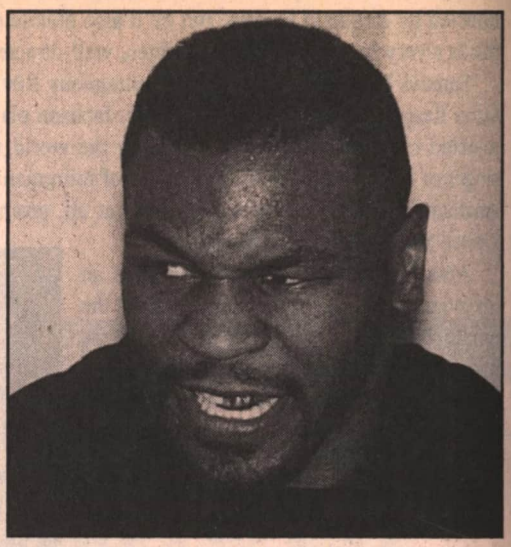
5. That purse money is fine and dandy, but it's all on paper. *Cash* is what makes the world go round.

4. In case you haven't noticed, the endorsements haven't exactly been rolling in.

3. An honorable man pays his debts, and Tyson, a notoriously bad pinochle player, owes his former jailmates 49,656 cartons of Lucky Strikes.

2. The divorce was finalized a long time ago, but Robin still has that one damn credit card ...

1. *Somebody's* gotta pay Don King's legal fees.



Tyson: His paycheck made him angry

SERGEI KOBOZEV: AN UPDATE

According to the New York *Daily News,* Brooklyn detectives are probing whether there is a link between the slaying of a Ukranian kickboxing champion in late-March and the disappearance of cruiserweight contender Sergei Kobozev, who has been missing since last November.

On March 30, Nicolay Kanivets, 25, was gunned down in an apartment in Brooklyn. Police have no motive. Sources told the *Daily News* that Kanivets worked as a bouncer at a Brooklyn nightclub allegedly tied to the Russian mob.

Kobozev also worked as a bouncer at a different club, which federal authorities said is part-owned by Vyacheslav Ivankov, the reputed godfather of the Russian mob. Police have little hope that Kobozev is still alive.

"It's not unusual for these athletes to travel in the same circles," an investigator said. "We're not ruling anything out."

–Steve Farhood

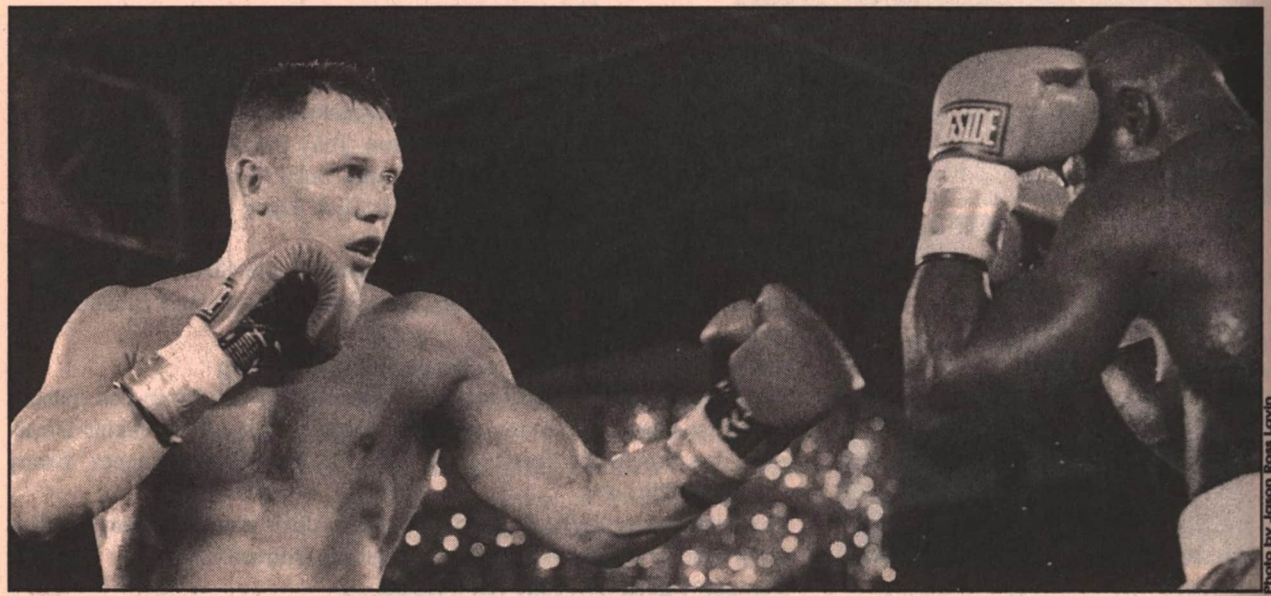


Photo by Jason Rosa Lavin

Kobozev: Missing since November

TRAINING CAMP TRAGEDY

In April, Jesus "Bebe" Gallardo, a sparring partner of WBC super lightweight champion Julio Cesar Chavez, was shot to death by an unknown assailant in the lobby of the Holiday Inn in Toluca, Mexico. Chavez, who was resting in his hotel room at the time of the shooting, was preparing for his June 7 showdown with Oscar De La Hoya.

According to Alberto Gonzalez, a business manager for Chavez, Gallardo's murder was immediately preceded by the gunning down of a government official.

"Gallardo was having dinner with his family in the hotel," said Gonzalez. "He took his son to the lobby restroom, heard gunfire, told his son to return to the restroom, and went to the lobby to investigate. When Gallardo witnessed what had happened, he was shot."

Chavez, said Gonzalez, was badly shaken by the incident.

Gallardo was 32.

–Steve Farhood

THE PUNCHLINES

"No one cares if my children starve or if they're on welfare. No one is gonna help my children."

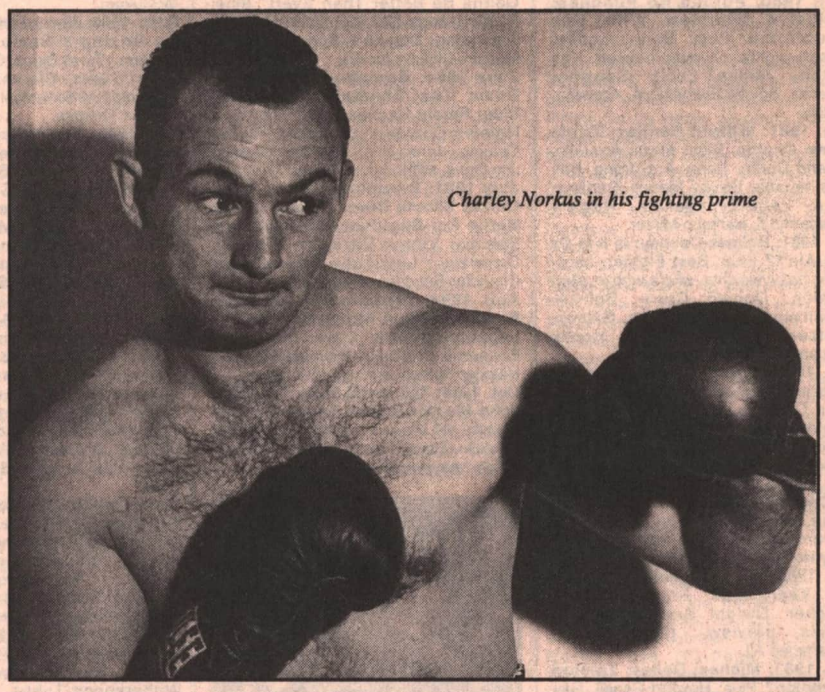
–Heavyweight Mike Tyson, who earned a reported $30-million for his title fight with Frank Bruno, on being underpaid

"Life-affirming is not my favorite genre. In *Rocky,* I wish the Unabomber would have gotten him."

–Film director John Waters on the 20th anniversary of *Rocky*

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

In March, New York's **Charley Norkus** died at age 68. Norkus was a top-10 heavyweight in the '50s ... **Walter Byars,** a former New England welterweight champion, referee, and boxing commissioner for Massachusetts, died in Boston at age 65 ... Former WBC heavyweight champion **Oliver McCall** was arrested in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and charged with possession of marijuana worth about $10.



Charley Norkus in his fighting prime

AL KRATZER'S VIEW

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Aug. 1981: Wilfred Benitez: Triple Crown Champ. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Roberto Duran, Henry Armstrong, Bob Fitzsimmons, Davey Moore, Benitez-Hope, Page-Evangelista, Hagler-Antuofermo II, Hamsho-Minter.

Oct. 1981: Holmes-Cooney: Is It Is Or Is It Ain't? Plus: Best Fighter, hard-hitting heavyweights, who's who in each division, Donald Curry, Spinks-Muhammad, Chandler-Solis, Snipes-Coetzee, boxing on TV, Rocky Graziano, Sugar Ray Leonard.

Feb. 1982: Special Holmes-Cooney Program Section. Plus: Irish boxers, Sean O'Grady, Ali, Pedroza-Ballas, Braxton-Muhammad, Pedroza-Sibaca, Sanchez-Cowdell, Best of The Ring Anthology.

Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Jan. 1983: Pryor-Arguello: Fight Of The Year. Plus: Frank "Animal" Fletcher, Dwight Braxton-Michael Spinks preview, ring deaths, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1983: Michael Dokes: Tainted Champion? Plus: Howard Cosell, Ray Mancini, Bum of the Month Club, Chacon-Limon.

April 1983: Randall "Tex" Cobb: Not Just Another Pretty Face. Plus: Hector Camacho, Carlos Monzon, Bob Foster, Charley Burley, Scypion-Fletcher, Mayweather-Serrano, Stanley Ketchel.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

June 1983: What Now For Ray Mancini? Plus: Lupe Pintor, Paddy Flood, Bonecrusher Smith, Charlie Brown, Frazier-Broad, Chang-Zapata, Holmes-Teofilo Stevenson, Tony Ayala, Jersey Joe Walcott.

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Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, And Future. Plus: Hagler-Duran, Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler, Hearns-Sutherland.

Oct. 1983: Special Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Jose Sulaiman, Milton McCrory, Camacho-Limon, DeLeon-Gordon, Hamsho-Benitez, who's who, Bill McNeese.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

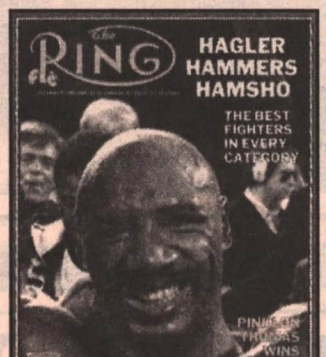
April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: Ring's ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comeback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: Olympic Special: Mark Breland Leads A Strong Squad. Plus: Leonard-Howard, Davila-Sanchez, Bonecrusher-Bruno, Bramble-Mancini, Hatcher-Bumphus, Garza-Orozco.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.



December 1984

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, boxing's best, James Broad, Julian Jackson, Pinklon Thomas.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

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April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

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March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Rocky Lockridge & Roger Mayweather, Panama, Tony Burton, Chavez-Rosario, Gervacio-Espinoza, Vaca-Honeyghan.

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Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

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Winter 1994 (92-Page Special): Mike Tyson: An Exclusive Interview From Behind Bars. Plus: Best of the last 100 years, Jones-Toney preview, Injuries (part III), Miguel Angel Gonzalez, Jack Sharkey, What If ... Galindez-Conteh.

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☐ Apr/80	☐ Oct/84	☐ Sep/86	☐ Oct/88	☐ May/91	☐ Jan/94
	☐ Dec/84	☐ Oct/86	☐ Nov/88	☐ Jun/91	☐ Feb/94
☐ Aug/81	**All 7 $28**	**All 10 $37**	**All 10 $37**	☐ Jul/91	☐ Mar/94
☐ Oct/81				☐ Aug/91	☐ Apr/94
	☐ Jan/85	☐ Apr/87	☐ Jan/89	☐ Oct/91	☐ May/94
☐ Feb/82	☐ Feb/85	☐ May/87	☐ Feb/89	☐ Dec/91	☐ Jun/94
☐ Aug/82	☐ Apr/85	☐ Jun/87	☐ Mar/89	**All 8 $31**	☐ Jul/94
	☐ May/85	☐ Jul/87	☐ May/89		☐ Aug/94
☐ Jan/83	☐ Jun/85	☐ Aug/87	**All 4 $18**	☐ Jan/92	☐ Sep/94
☐ Feb/83	☐ Aug/85	☐ Sep/87		☐ Jul/92	☐ Oct/94
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☐ May/83	☐ Oct/85	☐ Nov/87	☐ Feb/90	☐ Sep/92	☐ Dec/94
☐ Jun/83	☐ Nov/85	☐ Dec/87	☐ Mar/90	☐ Oct/92	☐ Wint/94
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☐ Apr/84	☐ May/86	☐ Jun/88	**All 10 $37**	☐ Oct/93	☐ May/95
☐ Jun/84	☐ Jun/86	☐ Aug/88		☐ Dec/93	**All 5 $22**
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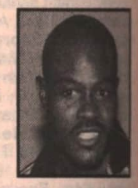
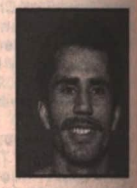
THE RING RATINGS

Nate Miller
Cruiserweight

Vinny Pazienza
Super Middleweight



Terry Norris
Junior Middleweight



Genaro Hernandez
Junior Lightweight

Derrick Gainer
Featherweight

Orlando Canizales
Junior Featherweight

For Period Ended
April 18, 1996

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Fort Washington, MD *38-1*
2. **MIKE TYSON**
   Southington, OH *43-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **LENNOX LEWIS**
   England *28-1*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER**
   Detroit, MI *36-1*
5. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Atlanta, GA *32-3*
6. **BRUCE SELDON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *33-3 (WBA Champ)*
7. **ALEXANDR ZOLKIN**
   Westerville, OH *24-2*
8. **TIM WITHERSPOON**
   Philadelphia, PA *44-4*
9. **OLIVER McCALL**
   Chicago, IL *28-6*
10. **HENRY AKINWANDE**
    England *29-0-1*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **NATE MILLER**
   Philadelphia, PA *27-4 (WBA Champ)*
2. **AL COLE**
   Spring Valley, NY *27-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON**
   Lexington, KY *25-3-2*
4. **ANACLET WAMBA**
   France *45-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
5. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ**
   Argentina *19-1-1*
6. **JAMES TONEY**
   Ann Arbor, MI *50-2-2*
7. **TORSTEN MAY**
   Germany *14-0*
8. **THOMAS HEARNS**
   Detroit, MI *55-4-1*
9. **KENNY KEENE**
   Emmett, ID *32-1*
10. **ALEXANDER GUROV**
    Ukraine *16-1-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **HENRY MASKE**
   Germany *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **VIRGIL HILL**
   Bismarck, ND *41-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **FABRICE TIOZZO**
   France *33-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **MONTELL GRIFFIN**
   Chicago, IL *21-0*
5. **MERQUI SOSA**
   New York, NY *26-5-2*
6. **MIKE McCALLUM**
   Brooklyn, NY *48-3-1*
7. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI**
   Germany *29-0*
8. **WILLIAM GUTHRIE**
   Philadelphia, PA *20-0*
9. **FRANK TATE**
   Houston, TX *36-4*
10. **LOU DEL VALLE**
    Bronx, NY *22-0*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES**
   Pensacola, FL *31-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **SUGARBOY MALINGA**
   South Africa *41-9 (WBC Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS**
   Ireland *32-3*
4. **FRANK LILES**
   N. Hollywood, CA *28-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **NIGEL BENN**
   England *42-3-1*
6. **TIM LITTLES**
   Flint, MI *27-1*
7. **VINNY PAZIENZA**
   Cranston, RI *40-6*
8. **BRYANT BRANNON**
   Trenton, NJ *16-0*
9. **HENRY WHARTON**
   England *23-2-1*
10. **MICHAEL NUNN**
    Davenport, IA *48-3*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
   Philadelphia, PA *29-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KEITH HOLMES**
   Washington, D.C. *28-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **SHINJI TAKEHARA**
   Japan *24-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JORGE CASTRO**
   Argentina *98-5-2*
5. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
   Seattle, WA *34-1*
6. **QUINCY TAYLOR**
   Dallas, TX *26-4*
7. **REGGIE JOHNSON**
   Houston, TX *35-5-1*
8. **DANA ROSENBLATT**
   Malden, MA *28-0*
9. **LONNIE BRADLEY**
   New York, NY *23-0*
10. **JULIAN JACKSON**
    Virgin Islands *51-4*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *43-6 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *56-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *28-1*
4. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *35-2*
5. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *64-1*
6. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *34-1*
7. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *30-2*
8. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *23-0*
9. **AARON DAVIS**
   Bronx, NY *43-4*
10. **EMMETT LINTON**
    Tacoma, WA *21-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *38-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *32-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *37-1*
5. **DERRELL COLEY**
   Capitol Heights, MD *29-1-2*
6. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico *36-3-1*
7. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *22-1-1*
8. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
   Orlando, FL *59-3*
9. **PATRICK CHARPENTIER**
   France *21-4*
10. **GARY JACOBS**
    Scotland *43-6*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *16-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *52-4-1*
3. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *96-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *21-0*
5. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *40-20-4*
6. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *39-0*
7. **JUAN COGGI**
   Argentina *70-3-2 (WBA Champ)*
8. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *36-3*
9. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *26-2*
10. **JAN BERGMAN**
    South Africa *31-0*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBA Champ)*
2. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *18-0*
3. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *28-1*
4. **PHILIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *27-0 (IBF Champ)*
5. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *19-0*
6. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *25-1-1*
7. **LAMAR MURPHY**
   Miami, FL *18-1*
8. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *38-4*
9. **ANTONIO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *34-9-2*
10. **JEAN BAPTISTE MENDY**
    France *48-5-2*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *38-3-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *23-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *32-1-1*
4. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *55-4-1*
5. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *42-3*
6. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX *30-2-2*
7. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *41-3-1*
8. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *24-0*
9. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *19-0-3 (WBA Champ)*
10. **JEFF FENECH**
    Australia *28-2-1*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *42-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Japan *38-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *21-0*
4. **ELOY ROJAS**
   Venezuela *33-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *51-7*
6. **DERRICK GAINER**
   Pensacola, FL *15-3*
7. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *44-1-2*
8. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *30-2*
9. **MIGUEL ARROZAL**
   Portland, OR *25-6*
10. **CESAR SOTO**
    Mexico *43-6-2*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *40-0*
2. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *52-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
3. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *30-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *28-2-1*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *24-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *39-2*
7. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *37-2*
8. **HECTOR ACERO-SANCHEZ**
   New York, NY *33-3-3*
9. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *21-0*
10. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
    Laredo, TX *42-3-1*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *19-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *19-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *36-2 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *30-1*
5. **DANIEL JIMENEZ**
   Puerto Rico *22-4-1*
6. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *14-8-1*
7. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-1*
8. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX *17-0*
9. **CRUZ CARBAJAL**
   Mexico *13-1-1*
10. **DAORUNG MP PETROLEUM**
    Thailand *56-5-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *18-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *33-0-2*
3. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *26-1*
4. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *14-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **CARLOS SALAZAR**
   Argentina *39-6-1 (IBF Champ)*
6. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *20-0*
7. **SATOSHI IIDA**
   Japan *20-0*
8. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *30-1-1*
9. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-6*
10. **CECILIO ESPINO**
    Huntington Park, CA *33-4-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *22-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *28-1*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *25-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *31-3-2*
5. **ENRIQUE OROZCO**
   Mexico *30-4-1*
6. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *21-1*
7. **CHOKCHAI 3-K BATTERY**
   Thailand *29-1*
8. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *32-2*
9. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *41-5-1*
10. **DANIEL WARD**
    South Africa *24-6*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *28-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **CHIQUITA GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-3*
3. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *39-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *31-2 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *45-5-4*
6. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico *29-7*
7. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa *44-10-2*
8. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-2*
9. **MANUEL JESUS HERRERA**
   Dominican Republic *16-4-1*
10. **SHIRO YAHIRO**
    Japan *22-2-1*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
2. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
3. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Junior Welterweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Junior Featherweight
6. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
7. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
8. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Heavyweight
9. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
10. **MIKE TYSON**
    Heavyweight

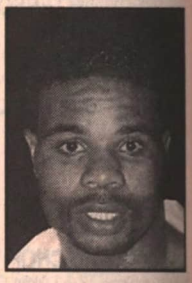
New Faces

A LOOK BACK

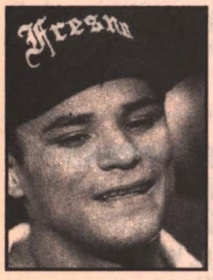
Compiled By Steve Farhood

As usual, it's too early to fairly judge our latest batch of "New Faces." As we went to press, two of our subjects, middleweight William Joppy and light heavyweight Lou Del Valle, were scheduled for title shots. Others, like junior middleweight Godfrey Nyakana and featherweight David Santos, are still waiting for their breakthrough bouts. Here, then, is an update on THE RING's 12 most recent New Faces.

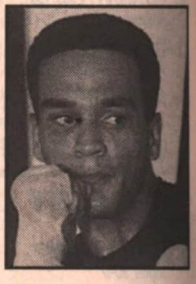
Godfrey Nyakana, junior middleweight (September 1995 issue): There hasn't been much recent action for this New York-based prospect, yet he's ranked in the top 10 by both the WBA and WBC. Look for him to make his next few appearances at the Great Western Forum. **Record: 27-1-1 (16).**



William Joppy, middleweight (October 1995 issue): Shortly after we featured Joppy, the Washington, D.C.-based contender fought to a disappointing 12-round draw vs. Rodney Toney. That bout didn't hurt his standing among the alphabet boys; Joppy is ranked first by both the WBA and IBF. In late-March, Don King won a purse bid to promote Joppy's mandatory challenge of WBA champion Shinji Takehara. According to J.D. Brown, Joppy's manager, the bout will take place in Tokyo by May 30. **Record: 21-0-1 (17).**

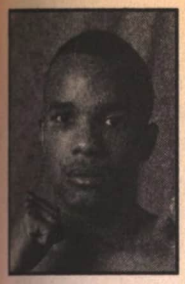


Jesse Magana, junior featherweight (November 1995 issue): Magana's problem hasn't changed: He likes to fight a bit too much. As a result, the southpaw has recently been fed a steady diet of clever boxers, and according to Forum Boxing publicist John Beyrooty, "he's improving, he's fighting smarter." But what does he get for his effort? "At some point," said Beyrooty, "he'll probably have to fight Marco Antonio Barrera." **Record: 16-4-2 (8).**



David Santos, featherweight (December 1995 issue): The USBA champion, who is promoted by Cedric Kushner, is hoping for further TV exposure, and a world title shot before the end of the year. (He's rated fourth by the IBF.) In his most recent effort, he needed only one round to crush Pat Simeon on the Gatti-Rodriguez undercard. "They're offering me $4,000 or $5,000 to fight guys in the top 10," he said. "I'll fight 'em, but I want to get paid for it." **Record: 25-0 (17).**

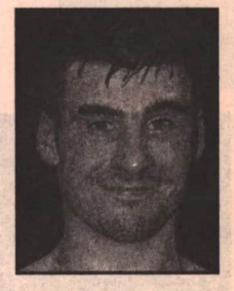
Jose Rivera, welterweight (Winter 1995 issue): Not *all* New England hopefuls march toward contendership by stomping on sub-.500 opposition. In March, the Massachusetts-based Rivera, 22, broke into the big time by breaking the jaw of fellow prospect Sal Lopez (17-1-2 going in) in the fifth round of their nationally televised showdown. He's hot and getting hotter. **Record: 22-0 (17).**



Aristead Clayton, junior featherweight (January 1996 issue): This slick Louisiana 122-pounder hasn't fought since January. As we went to press, manager Les Bonano was negotiating for a fight with Max Gomez. "But we'd love a bigger fight; we'd love [Marco Antonio] Barrera right now," Bonano said. "Aristead is ready. If he had a problem, it was punching power, but he's been on a strength program, and he's getting stronger every day." **Record: 15-0 (10).**

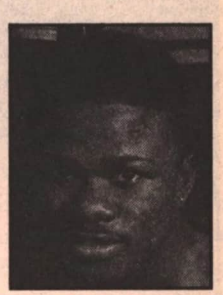
Lou Del Valle, light heavyweight (February 1996 issue): New York City's Del Valle recently challenged WBA light heavyweight champion Virgil Hill in North Dakota and lost a close 12-round decision. It was a huge jump up in class for a fighter who had faced nothing but second-rate opposition. **Record: 22-1 (15).**

Enrique Sanchez, junior featherweight (March 1996 issue): People have been noticing this sizzling California-based 122-pounder—the *right* people. On June 1, underneath Azumah Nelson-Jesse James Leija III, Sanchez is scheduled to face fellow Mexican Ricardo Vargas on HBO's *Boxing After Dark* series. The southpaw is being moved smartly. In December, he worked nine rounds before catching the elusive Juan Luis Torres. **Record: 17-0 (15).**



Joe Calzaghe, super middleweight (April 1996 issue): Wrote *Boxing News'* Claude Abrams of Welshman Calzaghe's most recent win, a second-round stoppage of Anthony Brooks: "It was a typical Calzaghe showing, with plenty of heavy swipes, some untidy stuff, too, and an inconclusive finish which left you musing whether the Newport southpaw is quite as good as he is cracked up to be." Maybe we'll find out how good he is when he meets unbeaten Englishman Mark Delaney in April. **Record: 16-0 (15).**

Michael Grant, heavyweight (May 1996 issue): About the time he was featured in "New Faces," the 6'7" Grant looked clumsy and confused in outpointing Bradley Rone on the Roy Jones-Merqui Sosa undercard at Madison Square Garden. He's since scored a couple of quickie kayos. "He's made a dramatic improvement [since the Rone fight]," said Craig Hamilton, who is part of the fighter's management group. "His problem is one thing: inexperience. So there's going to be some inconsistency. But he has that athletic ability to fall back on." **Record: 17-0 (13).**



Vernon Forrest, junior welterweight (June 1996 issue): Some wins open eyes, and Forrest's one-punch, eighth-round kayo of Isaac Cruz in April was pure Thomas Hearns. Forrest, 25, needs to get busier. At 6', he has the size. As he showed against Cruz, he has the right-handed power. And he also has Jesse Reid in his corner. A title shot by the end of the year is a possibility. **Record: 17-0 (14).**

Adrian Dodson, junior middleweight (July 1996 issue): As we went to press, Dodson, sidelined through March and April with a viral infection, was scheduled to face the toughest opponent of his young career, former European 154-pound champion Javier Castillejo of Spain, on May 4. A victory could result in a top-10 ranking. Also on Dodson's short list: Buck Smith, Rafael Williams, and Rodolfo Aguilar. **Record: 14-0 (11).** ■

RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

PUNCH AND JUDY

For the record, I don't believe a woman's place is in the home, barefoot and pregnant and holding a spatula. Nor is a woman's place in the office, dutifully congratulating male colleagues on their undeserved promotions while staring up at the corporation's glass ceiling. Her place isn't serving as a macho man's little woman, a hooting construction worker's fantasy object, or some harassing supervisor's boy toy, either.

And I'll tell you where else a woman's place isn't, and that's down on the canvas, stunned and trying to clear the fog that's inside her head. And it's not sitting on a corner stool while a trainer stuffs cotton up her bloody nostrils and tells her, "C'mon, baby, you need this last round!"

Boxing is often a nasty business, and 12 years on the fight beat have brought me uncomfortably close to all sorts of unpleasantries, from spraying blood to flying bridgework. From cuts being sutured in the locker room to damaged hands swelling to twice their normal size. I have watched fallen fighters twitch on the canvas and seen losers' wives and mothers cry themselves into a state of hyperventilation. And, talk about stomach-churning, I have even watched boxing writers attack a complimentary buffet.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Christy Martin's not just another pretty face. At least she wasn't one after her pay-per-view-televised brawl with Deirdre Gogarty on the Tyson-Bruno undercard.

In those dozen years, however, nothing has turned me off more than sitting through the Christy Martin-Deirdre Gogarty cat-fight on the undercard of the Tyson-Bruno rematch in March. Women beating each other bloody while the crowd roars with approval: If this is what boxing promotion has become in the year 1996, then let's bring back George Foreman fighting five palookas in one afternoon, or Chuck Wepner trying to survive Andre the Giant's headbutts at Shea Stadium.

Far be it for me to tell a woman how feminine she should act, how concerned about her own face she should be, or how she should earn her living. But it mystifies me as to why women would want to engage in one of the most brutal and corrupt sports on earth. Ego? Insecurity? Protective cup envy? Call me old-fashioned. Call me sexist. Call me anything you'd like, but don't call me for Martin-Gogarty II or any other distaff dukeouts that may be headed our way in the future.

In the aftermath of Martin-Gogarty, I've been asked by a lot of people—mostly those who think women walloping each other is the greatest thing since sliced eyebrows—exactly why my taste for fistic fury doesn't extend to these fiery females.

How much time have we got?

For starters, it's troubling to see women, most of whom aren't wearing any chest protection other than a sports bra, throwing wild punches at each other. How damaging could a hard shot, or several of them, be to somebody's breast? Might bodyshots or low blows affect a woman's ability to have children? Or cause some other damage? Does anyone

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Ireland's Gogarty proved tough by rising from the canvas and trading for six rounds with Martin. The spectacle, however, offended columnist Ryan.

know for sure? Does anyone even care? If women's boxing is going to be sanctioned, why can't it be mandated that the ladies wear some sort of chest guard? To lessen the chance of cuts, why don't they wear headgear?

Because then Christy Martin's features would be hidden, that's why. Let's face it, the reason Martin is a favorite of Don King and Showtime, and has almost singlehandedly gotten women's boxing the kind of mainstream media attention it would have killed for in the days of Jackie Tonawanda and Cat Davis, has more to do with her looks than her hooks. If the poster girl for the "I-Am-Woman-Hear-Me-Score Brigade" had a butchy haircut, a mug like a pug, and a boyish figure, she would probably get about as much attention from *Today, Inside Edition,* and *Sports Illustrated* as Michael Carbajal does.

Martin is her own best publicist. She already talks as good a game as the guys. A few days after beating Gogarty, she said, "I earned $15,000 for the fight and felt like I put on a million-dollar show." The scary thing was that her quote wasn't even the craziest one we heard. Veteran trainer Johnny Tocco went so far as to say that Martin could break into the men's lightweight top 10. Give *that* man a brain scan.

One of my biggest problems with women's boxing is that nobody wants to admit that much of its appeal has to do with the titillation factor. Knowing guys as I do, you can't convince me that most of them are watching to see boxing technique and strategy. It's mud wrestling, only with bad intentions.

But, hey, a woman can do what she chooses to do with her life, right, fellas?

(Funny how some of the same guys who won't let their wives so much as choose the movie or restaurant when they go out, and bitch like crazy when "the old lady" asks them to take the kids to the mall for once, suddenly become champions of women's rights when that means getting to watch babes belt each other.)

With violence against women, particularly domestic violence, an ever-growing problem, it doesn't seem like such a good idea for us to become comfortable with the sight of women being battered, bruised, and knocked down. Even if it is at the hands of other women. As bad as Martin's nose looked when it was gushing red, it was the image of Gogarty on the floor that lingered longest in my mind and convinced me that there can't be too many more distasteful ways to entertain a crowd of high-rollers.

I'll say this for Gogarty: She showed heart and a strong survival instinct by climbing off the floor. But it wasn't nearly as impressive as the survival instinct Martin displayed when she appeared on *Today* one morning in April. Before answering Katie Couric's opening question, Martin, no doubt referring to that quote weeks earlier about her purse not equaling her performance, said she wanted to first clear up any misconception that she wasn't happy with the job Don King was doing as her promoter.

King, she told all of America, was doing great work.

Christy Martin's not just cute and tough. She's pretty smart, too. ■

THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE

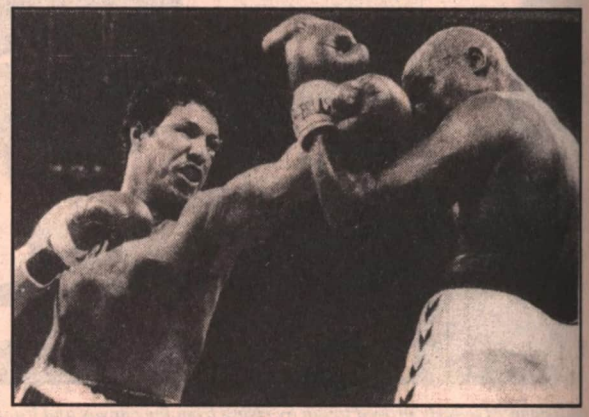
PHOTO QUIZ TEST

Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

THIS MONTH: FOREIGN-BORN HEAVYWEIGHTS

1

This hard-punching heavyweight, shown bopping Earnie Shavers, was en route to a title shot when derailed by Leon Spinks.



2

Known for his lengthy kayo streak, this one-time European champion never landed a world title shot.

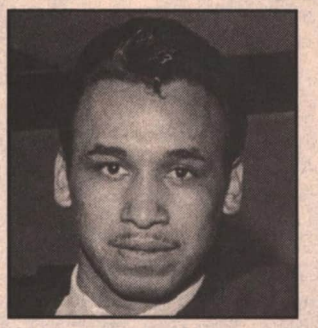
3

We'll let you write your own caption for this one. This tough man tested the very best, but fell short in a try for world honors.

YOUR BOXING IQ

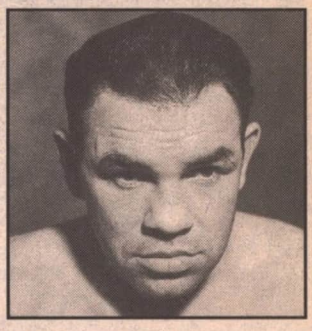
4

There have been precious few heavyweights produced by this thumper's native land. He was world-class until he got smoked by one of the best big men of the '60s and '70s.



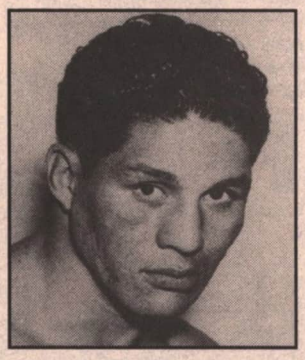
5

This wood-chopping heavyweight was known for his durability. But in a showdown with Joe Louis, he lasted only four rounds.



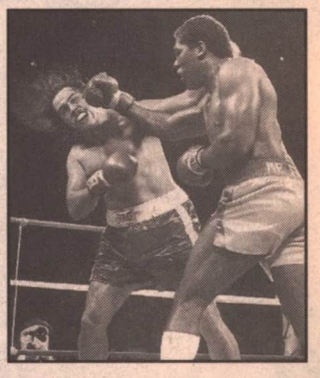
6

Perhaps no heavyweight in history has been described as awkward more often than this contender from the '30s and early-'40s. In fact, his awkwardness almost made him world champion.



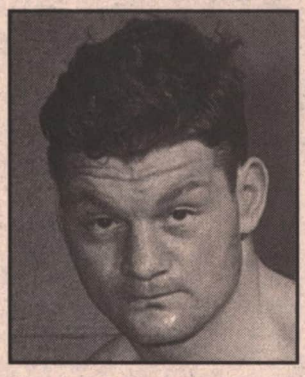
7

We had to include this photo just because everyone has the occasional bad hair day. Renaldo Snipes found this Europe-based heavyweight easy to hit, but still managed to lose a 10-round decision.



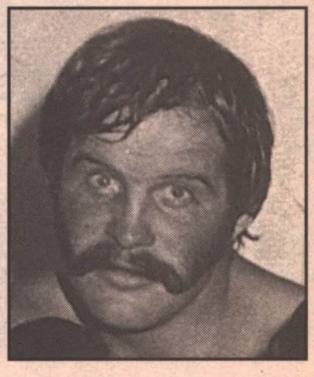
8

This heavyweight compiled an impressive run of kayos during the war years, but blew a title shot when he lost to America's Joe Baksi.



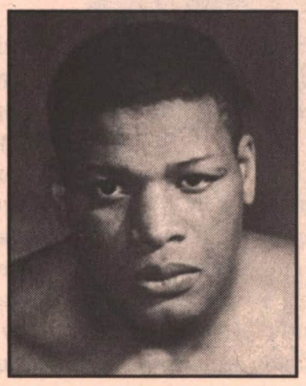
9

A rough-and-tumble sort, this belter climbed the ratings in the late-'70s. His run was ended by Big John Tate.



10

This heavyweight boxed exhibitions with Joe Louis, beat Ezzard Charles, and was beaten by Sonny Liston. He never fought for the world title.



ANSWERS:

1) Bernardo Mercado (Colombia)
2) Jose Urtain (Spain)
3) Don Cockell (England)
4) Manuel Ramos (Mexico)
5) Paolino Uzcudun (Spain)
6) Arturo Godoy (Chile)
7) Alfredo Evangelista (Uruguay)
8) Bruce Woodcock (England)
9) Kallie Knoetze (South Africa)
10) Nino Valdes (Cuba)

BITTER MEMORIES

Maybe Muhammad Ali was play-acting during his publicity stunts with Joe Frazier, but Smokin' Joe was deadly serious. He detested Ali then, and he detests him now.

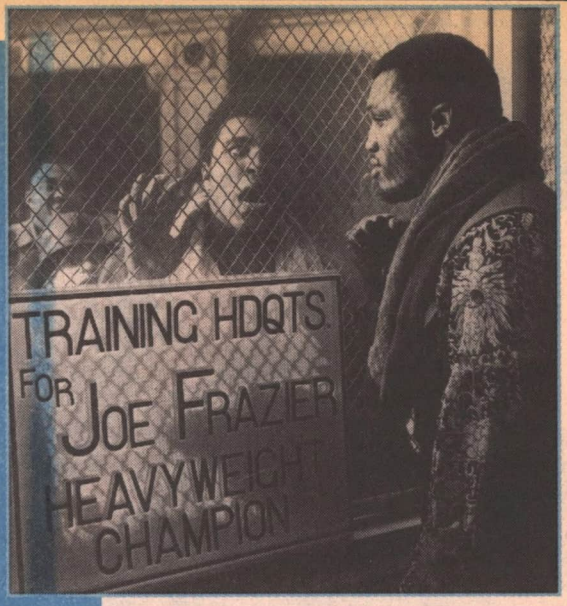
By Phil Berger

Editor's note: In last month's issue, we reviewed one of the hottest boxing books of the year, Smokin' Joe: The Autobiography Of The Former Heavyweight Champion Of The World, Smokin' Joe Frazier *(Macmillan). Frazier has been criticized for some of his opinions, and we asked veteran boxing writer and author Phil Berger, who collaborated with Smokin' Joe on the book, to respond. Berger discusses his history with Frazier and helps explain, if not justify, the former champion's bitterness toward Muhammad Ali.*

It was 1968, and the new Madison Square Garden, a $43-million circular building on Seventh Avenue and West 33rd Street, was about to open with a fight card headlined by the blimpish Buster Mathis and a full-throttle aggressor named Frazier ... Smokin' Joe Frazier.

With Muhammad Ali having been stripped of the heavyweight title for refusing to be inducted into the Army ("I ain't got no quarrel with those Viet Cong"), Edwin B. Dooley, the chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, had sanctioned Frazier-Mathis as a title bout, with the winner to be recognized as champion in New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, Illinois, Maine, and Massachusetts.

WHY FRAZIER STILL DESPISES ALI



From January 1971, the expressions tell the story: Ali is hamming it up, while Frazier seethes. Frazier envisioned a showdown with "The Greatest" even before turning pro.

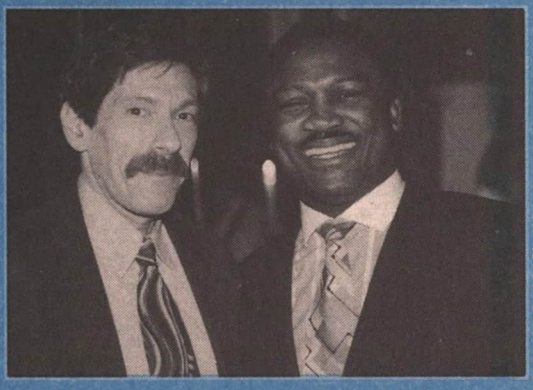
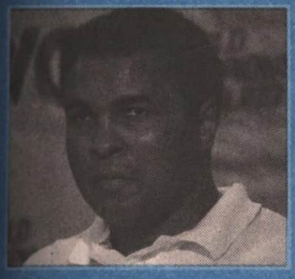
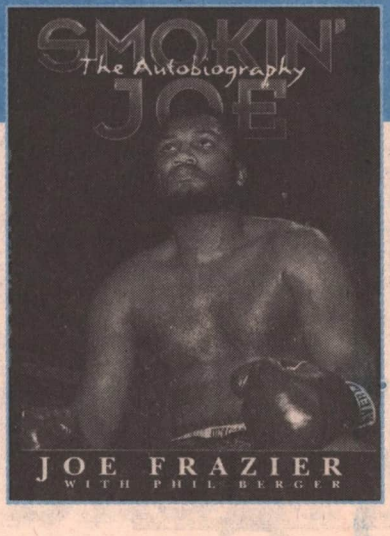


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Berger with Frazier at the 1996 Boxing Writers Association of America awards dinner in March. Berger collaborated with Frazier to produce Smokin' Joe.



Frazier clearly has little sympathy for today's version of Ali. As author Phil Berger writes, "Twenty-five years after 'The Fight,' as their first bout was called, Joe Fray-zuh neither forgives not forgets."



Whatever.

For me, it would mark my first encounter with Frazier. I was on assignment for a weekly newspaper, now defunct, *The National Observer*. The paper had asked me to do a prefight piece, and off I went, first to Mathis' camp in Rhinebeck, New York, and then to Frazier's digs at a Catskill Mountain resort.

At the time, Frazier, a gold medalist at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, had been fighting professionally for three years, his career guided by a group of mostly wealthy businessmen that comprised Cloverlay Inc. An original $250 Cloverlay share now went for $7,200, and Frazier, who'd fought for chump change in his early bouts while moonlighting in a Philadelphia slaughterhouse, was to earn $175,000 for fighting Mathis.

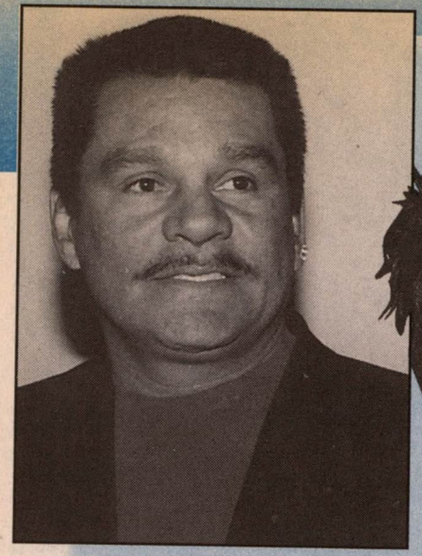
The word on Frazier back then was that he was a reluctant interview, not only indifferent to the press, but somewhat suspicious to boot. I found him open, and friendly enough, in the hour or so we talked. With the benefit of hindsight, and as Frazier's collaborator on his recently published autobiography, I can speculate regarding what might have made him more reserved with others.

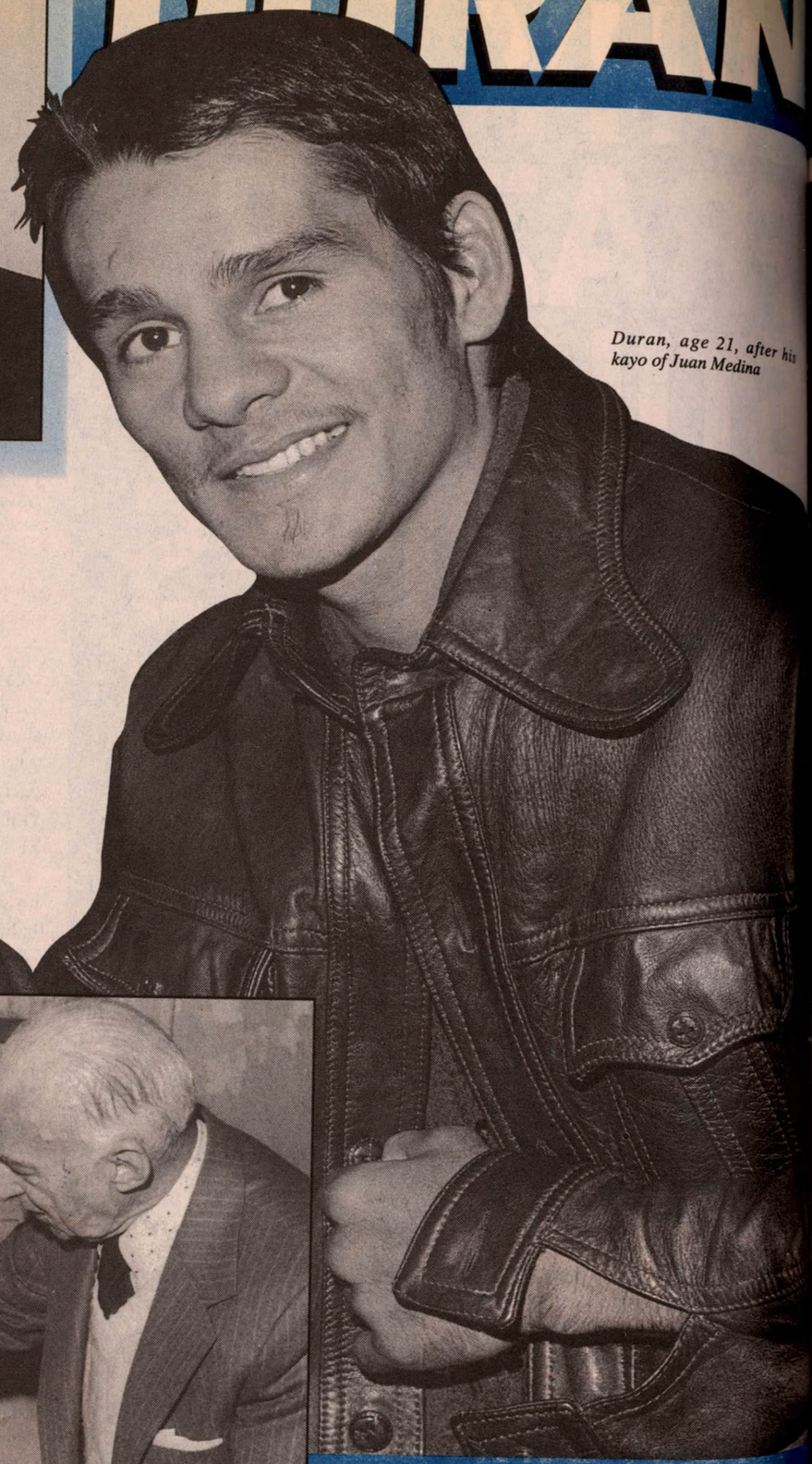
Where Joe and I were both young guys then, in our mid-'20s, the big-city press was comprised of older, lily-white scribes who just may have reminded Frazier of the white establishment in his native Beaufort, South Carolina. In the racially charged times of his youth, they had rubbed him the wrong way and sent him, at age 15, and with his mother's blessing ("Son, if you can't get along with the white folks, then leave home because I don't want anything to happen to you"), up north in 1959 to find a better life.

By 1968, when I first met him, that bet-

(Continued on page 55)

DURAN ON DURAN

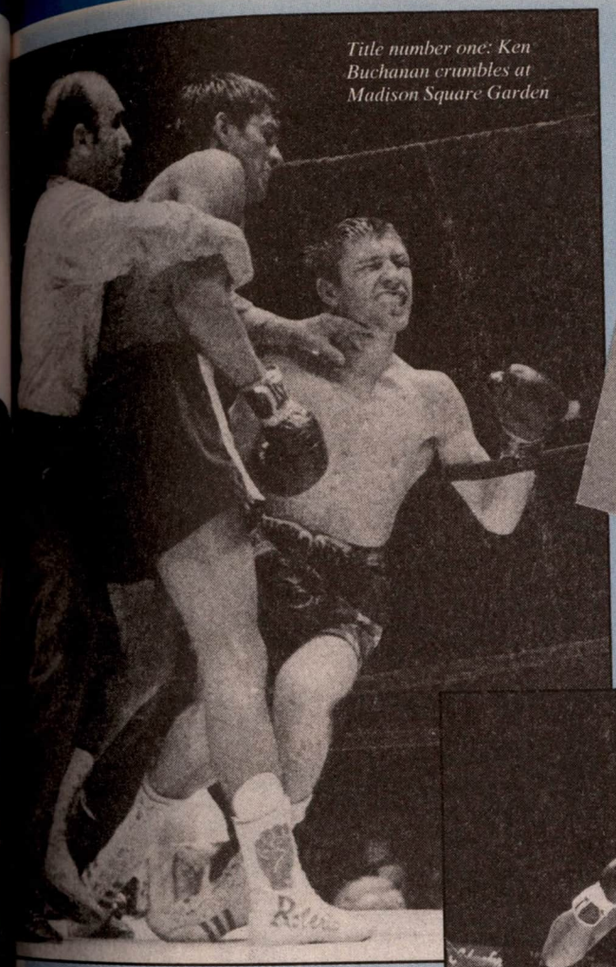




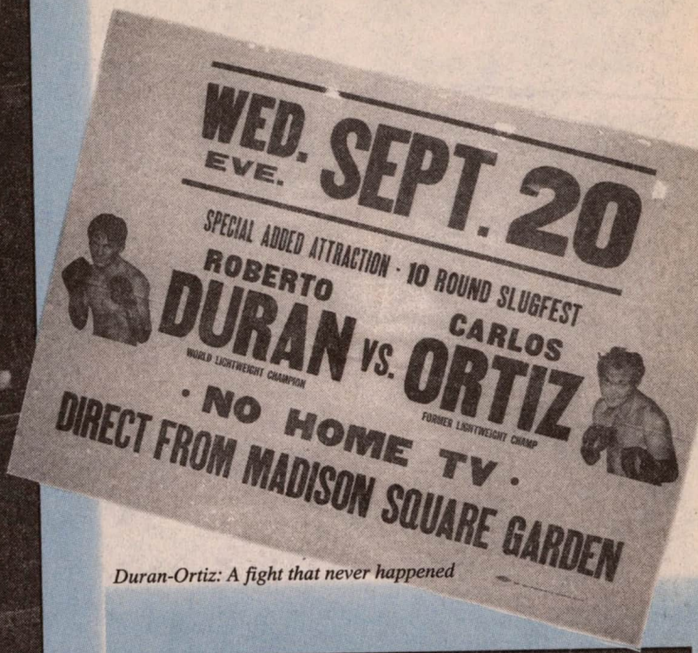
Duran, age 21, after his kayo of Juan Medina

Duran with trainer and mentor Ray Arcel

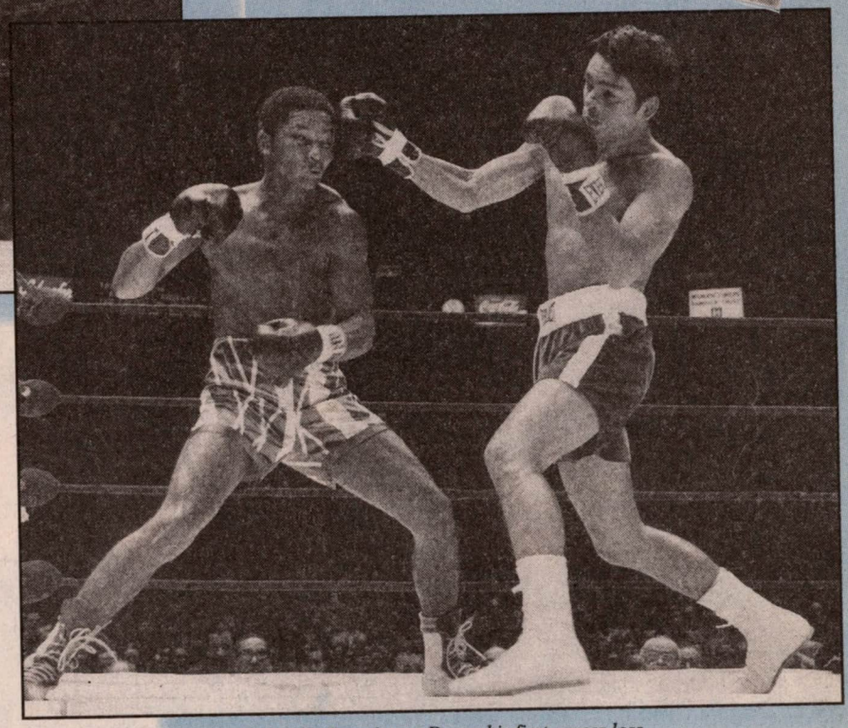
The Legend Recalls



Title number one: Ken Buchanan crumbles at Madison Square Garden



Duran-Ortiz: A fight that never happened

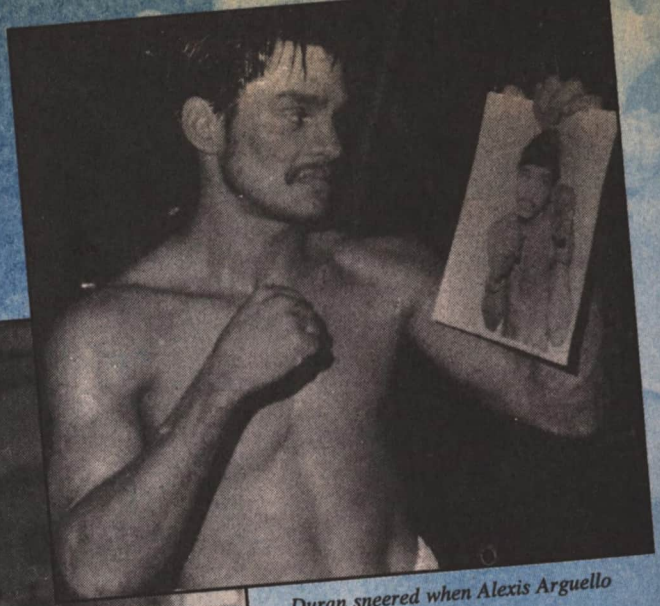


Esteban DeJesus issues Duran his first career loss

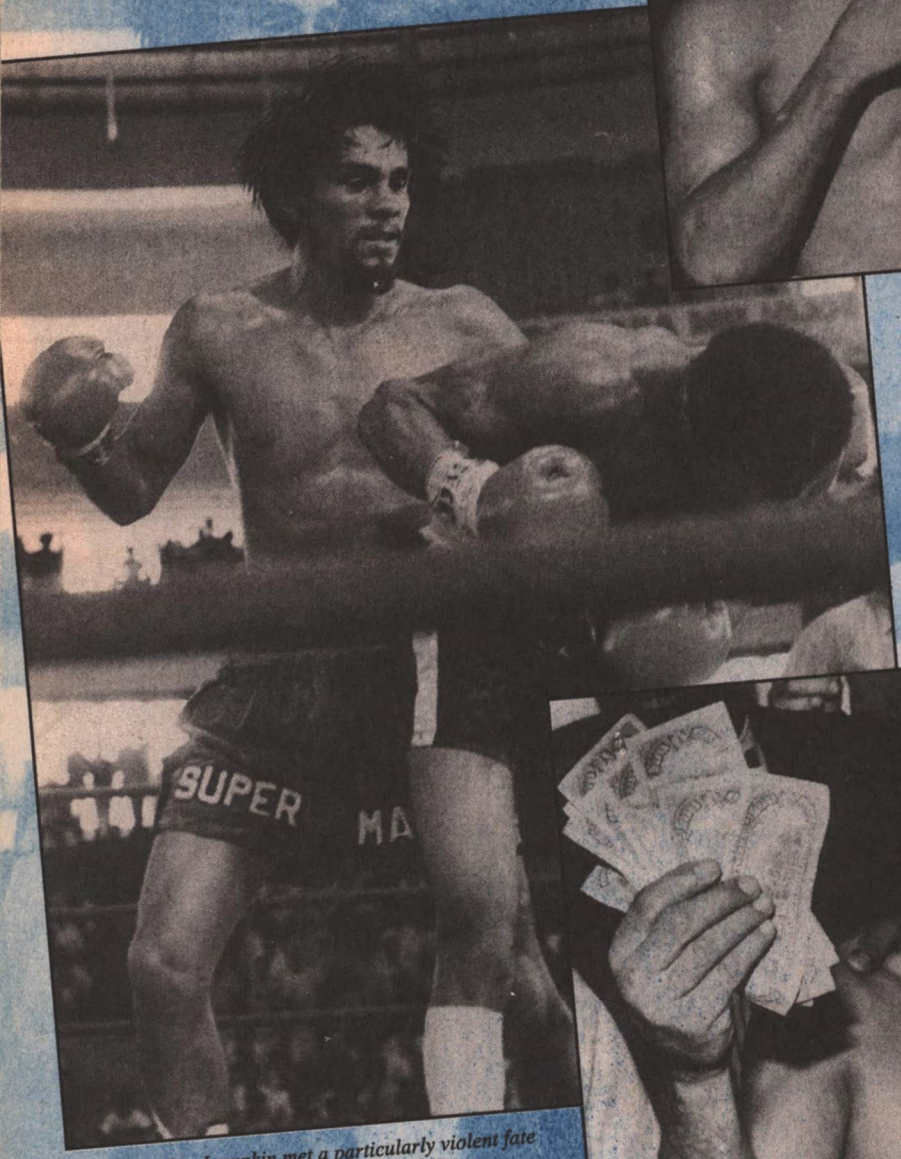
By Ed Maloney

Nearly 25 years after his New York debut at Madison Square Garden, Roberto Duran once again held center stage, this time at the All-Star Cafe on Broadway, where his June 22 middleweight bout against Hector Camacho was announced. (See "Round One" on page 8.) Afterward, Duran agreed to reminisce through an interpreter, via photos, about his storied career. But there was one catch: highlights only (although we did manage to sneak in one lowlight).

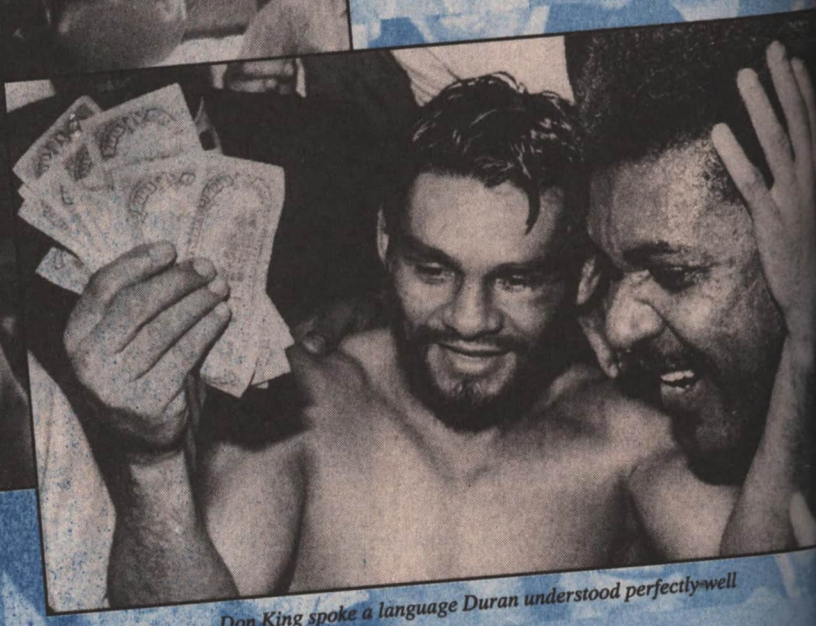
His Greatest Moments



Duran sneered when Alexis Arguello was mentioned



Ray Lampkin met a particularly violent fate

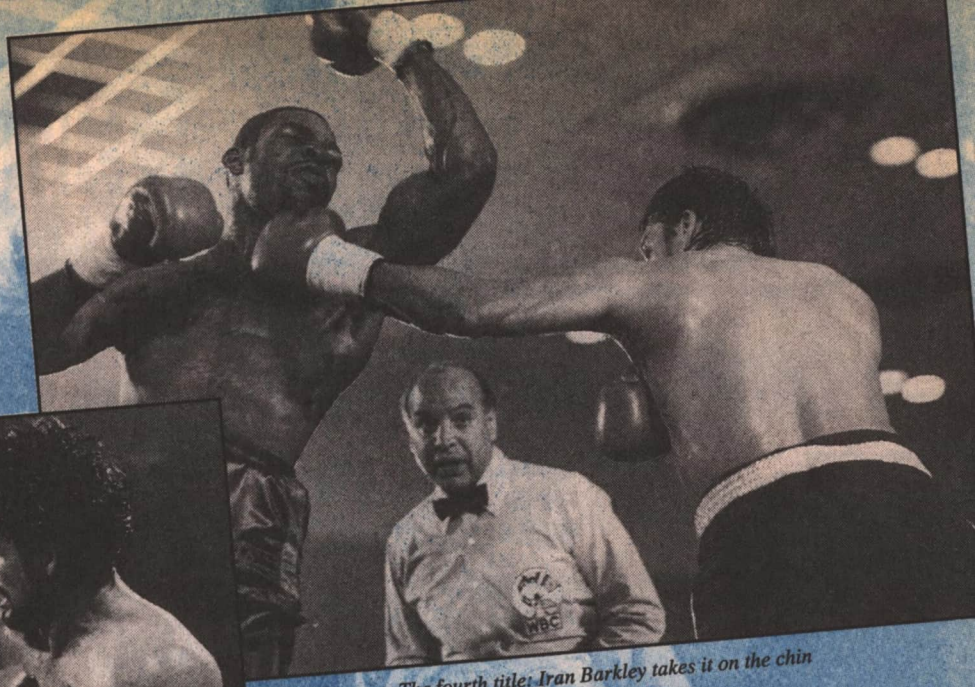


Don King spoke a language Duran understood perfectly well

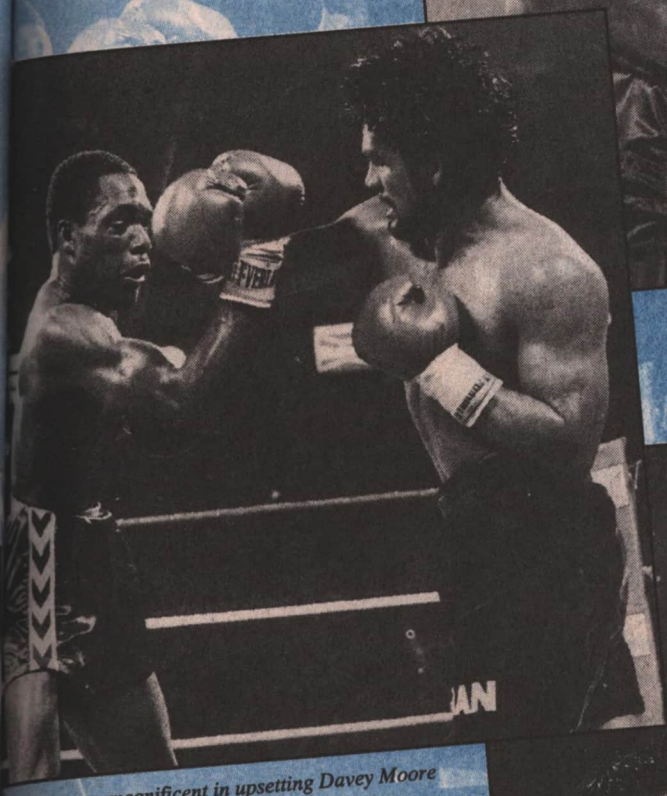
The original plan called for the lowlights as well, but by now, nobody should expect a fighter who turns 45 the week before the Camacho bout—and insists he is still in his prime—to give serious explanations as to what happened in several incidents that tarnished a one-time sterling reputation.

Duran is a creature of his environment. A childhood spent in Panama City's barrio produced a fighter who possessed a rare combination of raw savagery, punching power, and ring generalship. As he ascended the heights, the youthful hunger gave way to overindulgence and gluttony, which ultimately led to humiliation—and Duran's undoing as the best fighter, pound-for-pound, in the world.

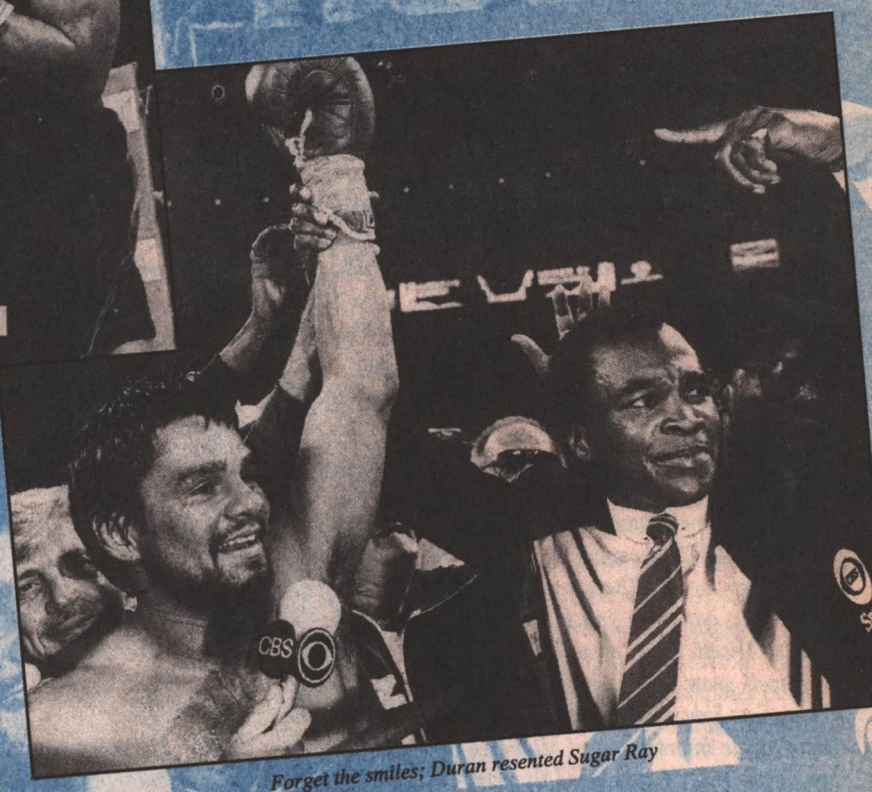
Somehow, the moments of magic continue to eclipse the memories of the boorish, unsportsmanlike, and undertrained Duran. At his best, which is how all the great ones deserve to be remembered, Duran provided us with a legend that



The fourth title: Iran Barkley takes it on the chin



Duran was magnificent in upsetting Davey Moore



Forget the smiles; Duran resented Sugar Ray

spanned the eras of Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. It is a legend that could not have existed without the heart of a lion and hands of stone.

A young Duran posing in a leather jacket: "[Laughs] That's me as a young man, but it looks like my son. It makes me think of my first trip to America, when I fought Benny Huertas on the undercard of the Ken Buchanan vs. Ismael Laguna fight. It was my first trip to America, and I was fighting at Madison Square Garden, where all the great champions had fought. I was very excited when I looked out the window of the plane and saw New York for the first time. But I didn't speak or understand English. I was very lonely and homesick, and the language barrier made it frustrating."

A photo of Duran with hall-of-fame trainer Ray Arcel: "Ray Arcel was my

(Continued on page 58)

A DECADE TO REMEMBER

Joe Miceli Relives The '50s

What was it like to fight the best? In this five-part feature, Robert Cassidy, a frequent contributor to THE RING, interviews one fighter from each of the last five decades.

This month: Joe Miceli, a welterweight contender in the '50s.

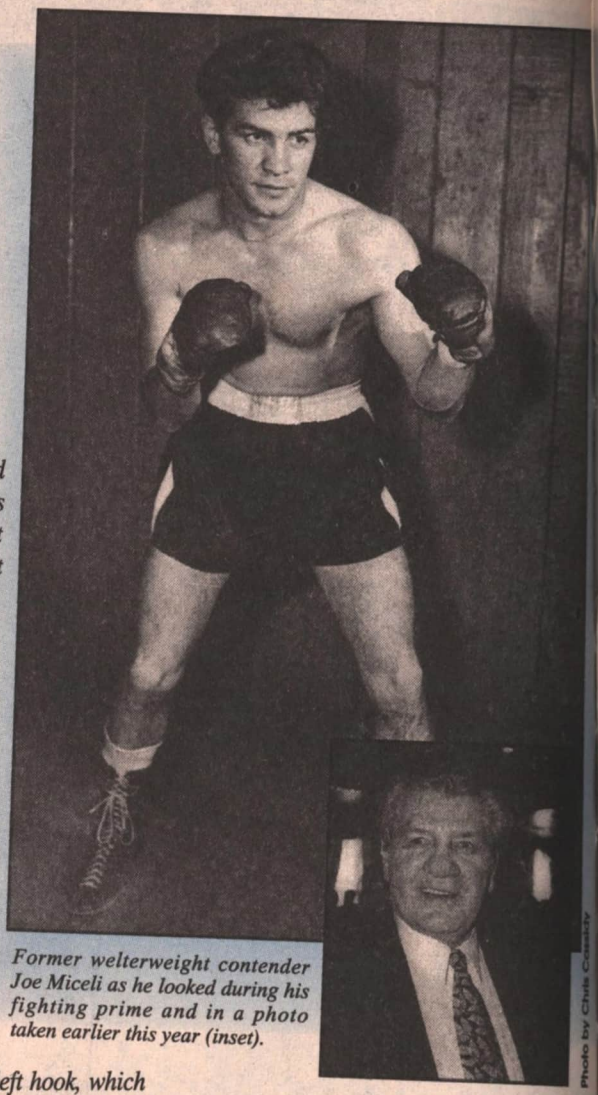
Joe Miceli was one of the most popular fighters of boxing's television era. Primarily a welterweight, he fought the best of the lightweight, welterweight, and middleweight divisions. He turned pro in 1948 and compiled a record of 60-42-8 (28). Of Miceli's 110 total bouts, 37 were televised. That ranks him behind only Kid Gavilan (47) and Tiger Jones (45) for most bouts televised in the '50s.

"My manager put me in with lions," said Miceli. "I fought them all." That manager was former fighter Bobby Nelson, who believed he had a champion in Miceli. "He used to say to me, 'There's nobody in the world who can beat you if you train,'" recalled Miceli. "But I never trained right."

Miceli grew up on Manhattan's gritty Lower East Side. His introduction to boxing came at the intersection of Mulberry and Spring Streets. "I just loved to fight," he said. "Whenever there was trouble, all the guys used to run and get me."

Miceli wound up at the Department of Parks gym in Manhattan, and then graduated to Stillman's. His amateur career was brief—16 fights in 1947. His real experience came in streetfights.

Miceli's breakthrough came when he knocked out prospect "Belting" Willie Beltram in an eight-round main event at Brooklyn's Broadway Arena. That fight earned him a date at Madison Square Garden, and his career took off. Although he become a top-rated contender, he admits his indifference toward training limited his success. "I used to smoke," he said. "I'd stay out playing cards until two or three in the morning. The fights I lost were close fights, and it was because I ran out of gas in the late rounds."



Former welterweight contender Joe Miceli as he looked during his fighting prime and in a photo taken earlier this year (inset).

Photo by Chris Cassidy

The tough Italian never shied from an exchange. His signature punch was a left hook, which he describes as "an unorthodoxed left uppercut." Miceli fought 12 world champions, beating Ike Williams, Johnny Saxton, Virgil Akins, and Bud Smith, and battling to a draw with Joey Giardello. Four of his opponents, Williams, Giardello, Kid Gavilan, and Gene Fullmer, are in the Hall of Fame. He was ranked in the welterweight top 10 from 1950 to 1956, but was never granted a world title fight.

"I can't understand that," said Miceli. "I don't know why it happened to me. But what bothers me more is that I didn't train properly. I blame nobody but myself."

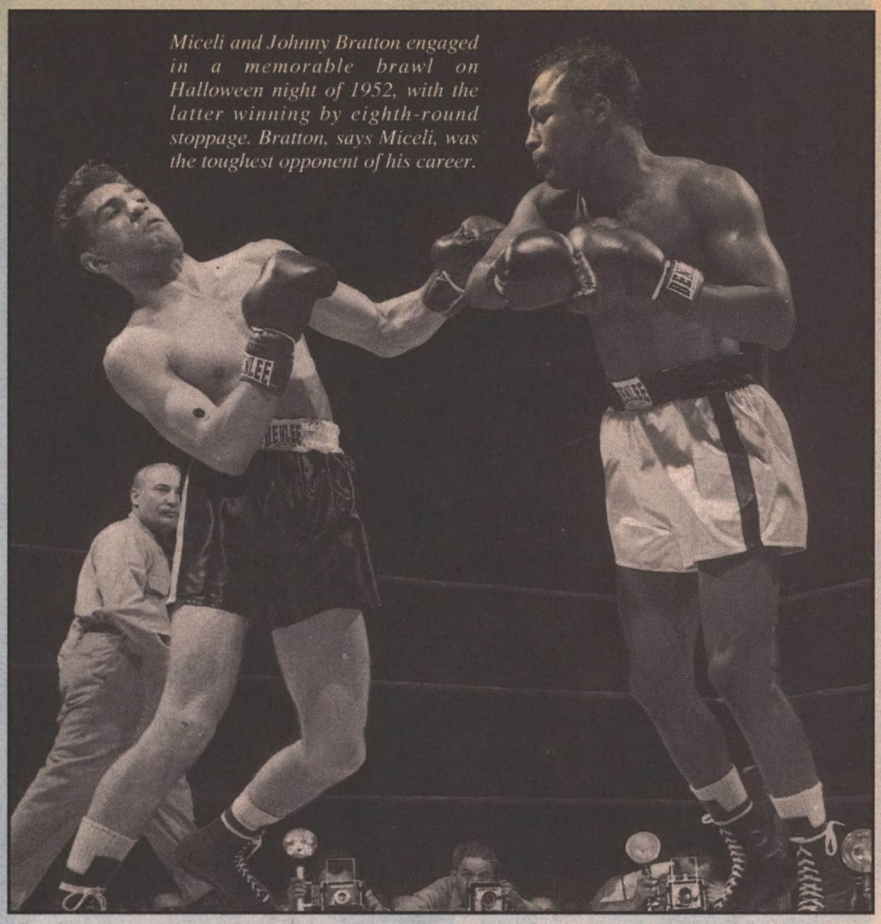
Today, Miceli, 67, lives in Brentwood, Long Island. He had quadruple-bypass surgery two years ago and has fully recovered. He is an active member of Ring 8, New York City's chapter of the Veteran Boxers Association.

•Miceli and **Ike Williams** fought three times, engaging in 30 rounds of boxing in a five-month stretch. Miceli decisioned Williams, the reigning lightweight champion, on October 2, 1950, and February 19, 1951. Williams won the second match, on November 23, 1950. The first time they met, Miceli, 21, had 38 fights worth of experience. Williams, 27, was a veteran of more than 100 bouts.

"I was still growing then. I was 139, 140 pounds. He was lightweight champ of the world, but he weighed a half-pound more than me the first time we fought. They knew I was a strong kid, but Ike Williams didn't fear nobody. I just went in against him and fought my heart out.

"He hit hard. He was dynamite. He dropped me in the second fight. When I was winning the first fight, my manager said to me, 'Now stay away from this guy, you're winning. He could knock you out.' I didn't think anyone could knock me out. But he almost knocked me out in the 10th round.

"I was 21 years old and I beat the champ of the world. I was shocked myself. He gave me a rematch, but never for the title."



Miceli and Johnny Bratton engaged in a memorable brawl on Halloween night of 1952, with the latter winning by eighth-round stoppage. Bratton, says Miceli, was the toughest opponent of his career.

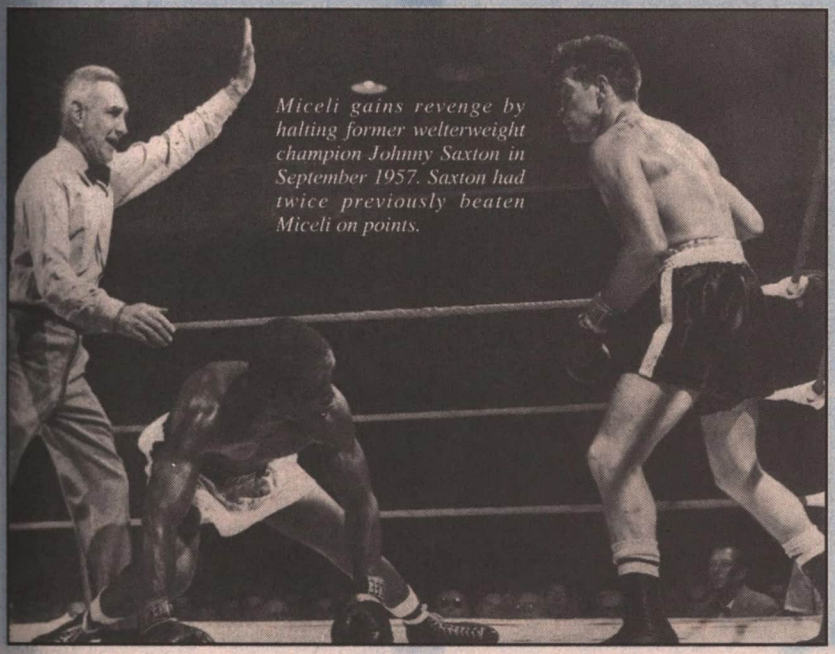
•Miceli and **Kid Gavilan** fought on December 22, 1950, at Madison Square Garden. Gavilan, 24, was the number one-ranked welterweight in the world. He had decisioned Tony Janiro and Billy Graham in his two previous fights. He weighed 146½. Miceli, rated ninth, scaled 140. After 10 rounds, Gavilan was awarded a split decision. The referee scored for Miceli by 6-4 in rounds, but the judges had the Cuban ahead by 7-3 and 6-3-1. Six fights later, Gavilan won the world welterweight title.

"I beat the hell out of Gavilan, but they gave him the decision. He had the name. He was a great fighter, but I know I beat him.

"He told me the next day in the showers at Stillman's Gym that I almost knocked him out in the 10th round. I hit him in the neck and he couldn't breathe. It was funny, him telling me something like that.

"Nobody was like Kid Gavilan. He was a classy fighter, very smooth. He hit me square in the puss with that bolo punch. I was bending down, and he came up with it and banged me right in the face. It was like paper. It was nothing. He couldn't punch. I was cut in the fight, but that never stopped me. I always got cut.

"He was a top contender at that point, and I expected him to become champ."



Miceli gains revenge by halting former welterweight champion Johnny Saxton in September 1957. Saxton had twice previously beaten Miceli on points.

•Miceli met **Johnny Bratton** at Madison Square Garden on Halloween night of 1952. Bratton had won and lost the NBA welterweight title the previous year. He weighed 148 to Miceli's 146. The welterweights waged a classic that was

(Continued on page 60)

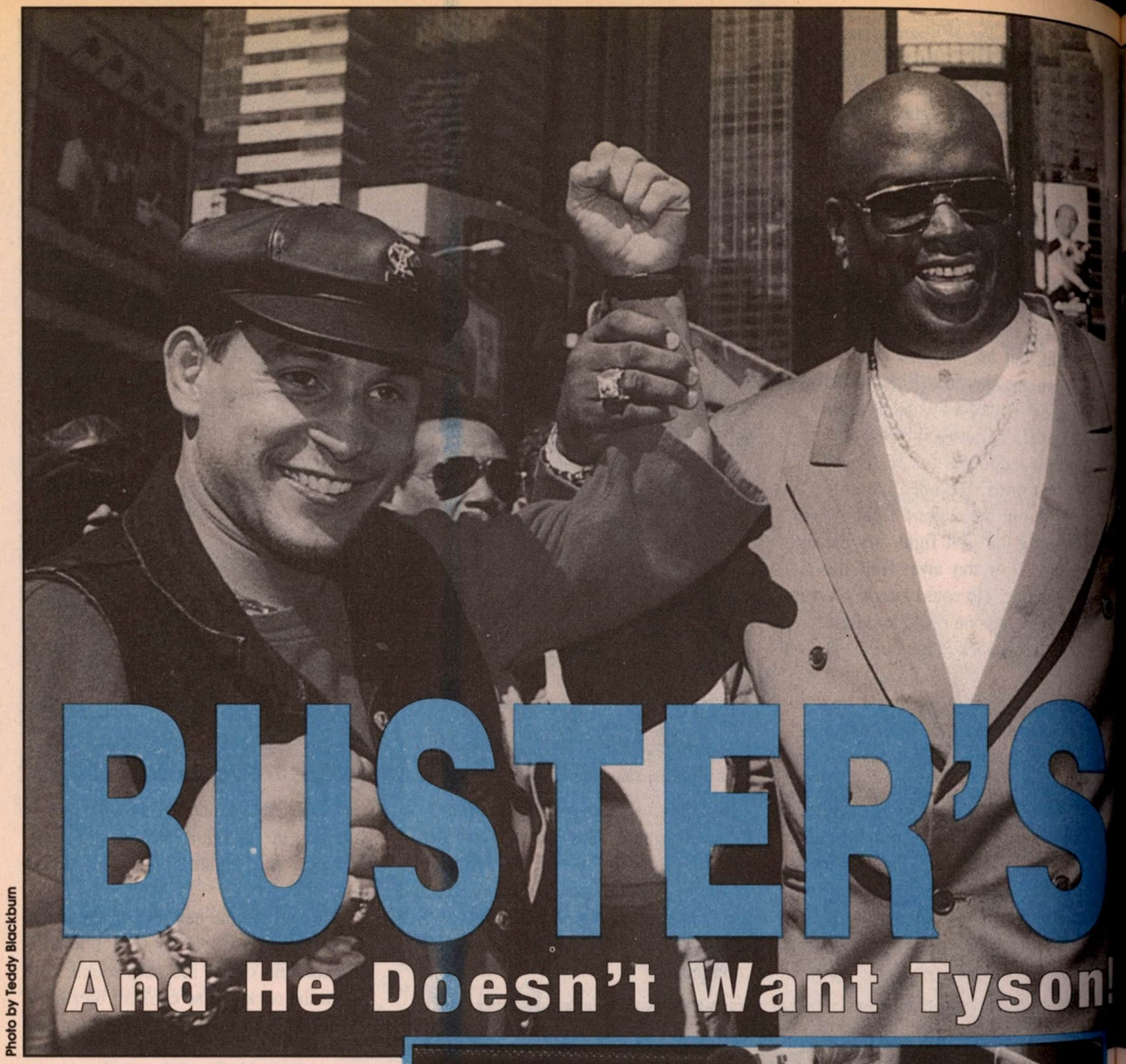
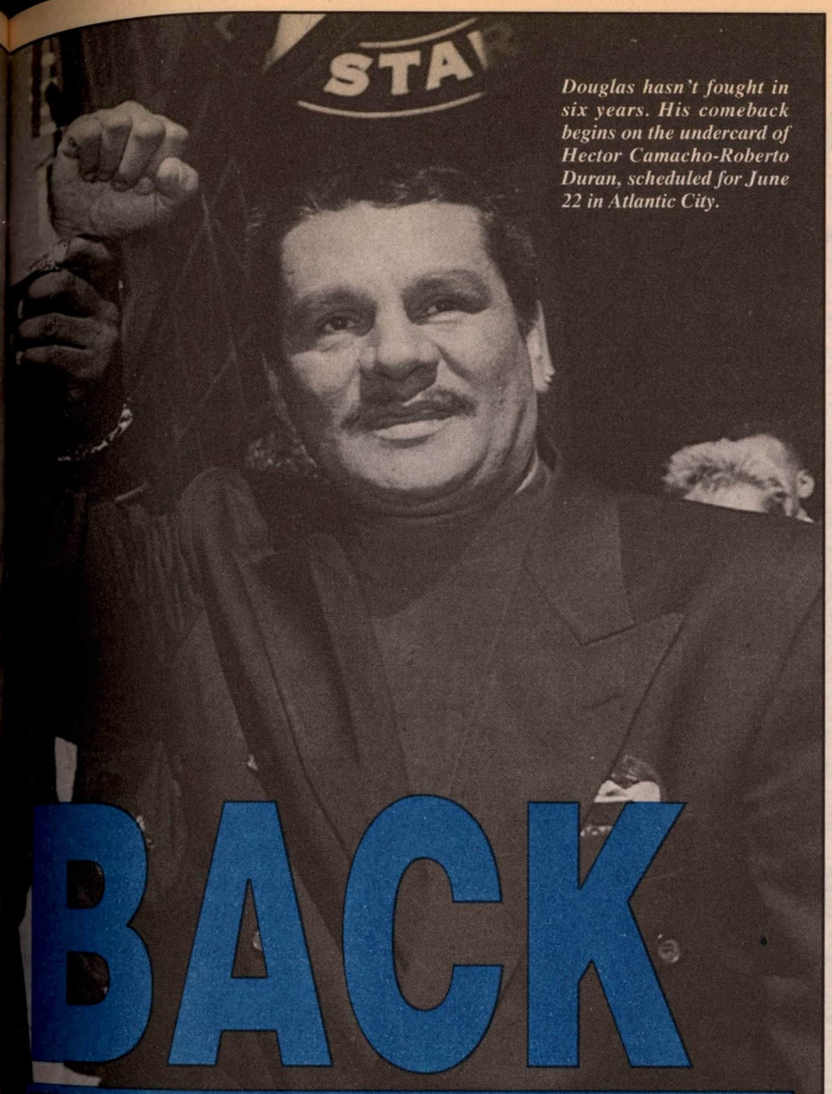


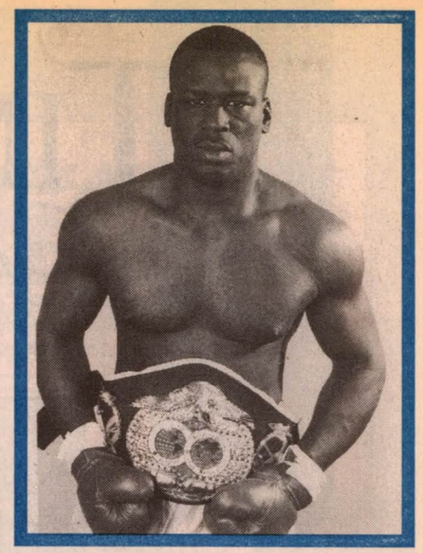
Photo by Teddy Blackburn

BUSTER'S BACK

And He Doesn't Want Tyson!



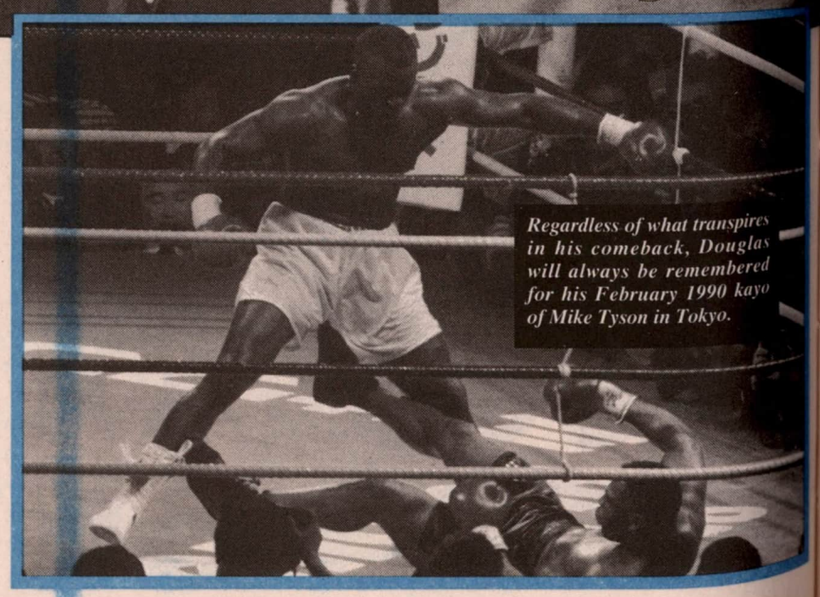
Douglas hasn't fought in six years. His comeback begins on the undercard of Hector Camacho-Roberto Duran, scheduled for June 22 in Atlantic City.



Once the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, Douglas says he's coming back not for a big-money rematch with Tyson, but for a chance to change the lasting image of his embarrassing defeat at the hands of Holyfield.

By Eric Karabell

Buster Douglas knows the reason why nobody will ever forget his name. In every story about him and his comeback, which will be launched in Atlantic City on the Roberto Duran-Hector Camacho undercard on June 22, the words are almost always in the first few lines: *The only man to beat Tyson*. See, even THE RING can't help it. But when Douglas thinks back to 1990, the last year he stepped into the ring, he doesn't think of that February night in Tokyo when he stunned the world by doing what nobody thought was possible. There's another night that stands out more, and Douglas hasn't quite forgotten it. He hasn't watched a tape, but he remembers. In fact, he needed a psychiatrist to help him deal with it.



Regardless of what transpires in his comeback, Douglas will always be remembered for his February 1990 kayo of Mike Tyson in Tokyo.

Last we saw of Big Bus, he was going down—and staying down—in the third round of his title defense against Evander Holyfield. "I don't like the way it ended," he said of his first career.

Being that this is an election year, don't mistake Douglas' intentions. He isn't running for office. He says he doesn't want your trust or your sympathy, and he doesn't care if you believe in his comeback or not. He's still a nice, likable guy, but this isn't about you or us. It's about him. He just wants to get in shape and fight again, to get rid of the stench that was left when Evander Holyfield drubbed him eight months after that magical night in Tokyo. That's all.

But what about that stench? How can anyone ever forget that night in Las Vegas, when the heavyweight champion of the world embarrassed himself and his sport? Douglas was not only out of shape, but it looked like he didn't try, or care. Real fans remember things like that. Douglas disappeared from boxing after suffering that third-round kayo, ballooned to a rumored 400 pounds, and nearly died during his retirement/layoff. The sport didn't miss him.

Douglas is largely regarded as a journeyman who got lucky one night, and was proven to be a fraud the next. But it's nonetheless difficult to figure out how a fighter who once stood over Mike Tyson

(Continued on page 61)

By Stanley Weston
Publisher, THE RING Magazine

TIME CAPSULES

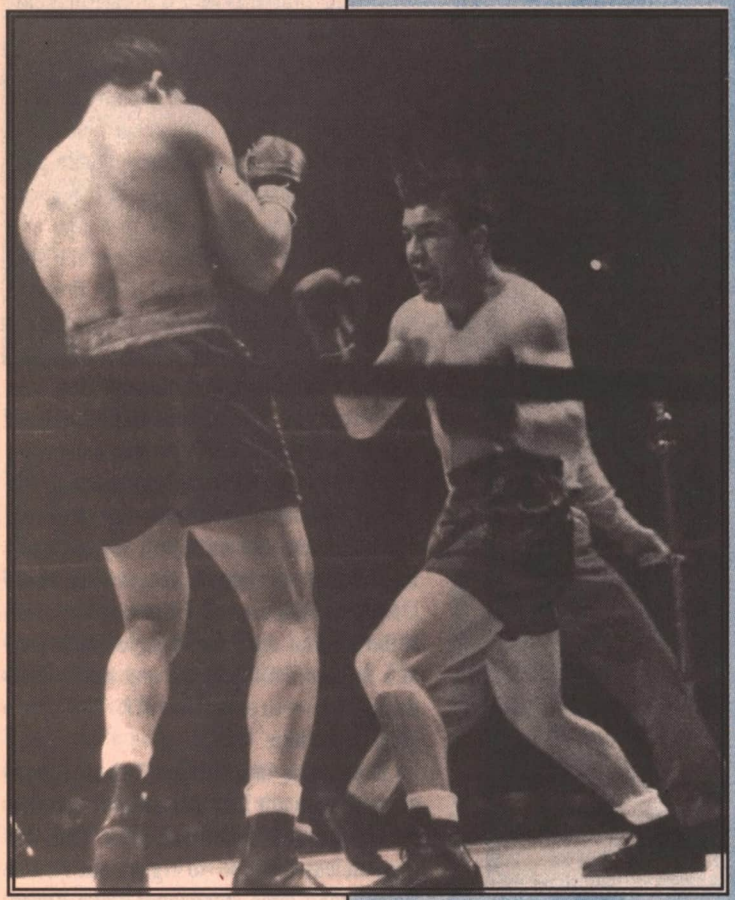
SHOCKING ORIGINAL

(February 23, 1938)

Investigative reporter Jack Newfield, in his riveting 1995 biography *Only In America: The Life And Crimes Of Don King*, credits rock 'n' roll star Lloyd Price with brainstorming the idea for King's now famous shock hairdo. But, the Don insists, "It's really *an aura* from God ... My hair is *au natural*. I don't use any chemicals. It just grows straight up."

Rather than taking the gift-from-heaven tact to deprive Price of even a morsel of deserved credit for his brilliant vision, King, if he wanted to, could claim the idea as his alone. And what's more, he could prove it. Not by just running off at the mouth, but with hard evidence: An astonishing action photograph shot during a heavyweight championship fight at Madison Square Garden almost 60 years ago.

"Look at the hair on that guy in this picture," King could snap, pointing to challenger Nathan Mann. "It's standing straight up. Like he's being electrocuted. Why, I could be looking at myself in a mirror, man!" Don could insist he saw the picture in an old issue of THE RING years ago and never forgot it. "That's where I got my idea," he could claim. Who's gonna dispute The Man?



And who's the other guy in the picture? Why, it's the heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, making his second defense and launching what would become known as The Bum of the Month Club. Mann, a gutsy Italian out of New Haven, Connecticut, tried his best, but after a respectful showing in round one, the dynamite sticks in Louis' fists exploded with sickening thuds all over Nathan's anatomy. Standing straight up like a tree and bulling forward made the challenger's impossible mission even more impossible. Joe's final assault, in the third round, cut Nathan's legs out from under him, and referee Arthur Donovan counted him out at the 1:56 mark.

It was indeed a hair-raising experience for Mann, who was paid $12,158.54 for his futility. But for the Don, Nathan's shock ordeal more than a half-century ago could have, in King's world of measured fantasy, provided the inspiration for a multimillion-dollar trademark.

Heavyweight challenger Nathan Mann's electrified hair stands straight up as he bravely bulls into range of Joe Louis' perilous twilight zone. Could this shocking picture, taken more than a half-century ago, have been the inspiration for Don King's world-famous trademark?

MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN

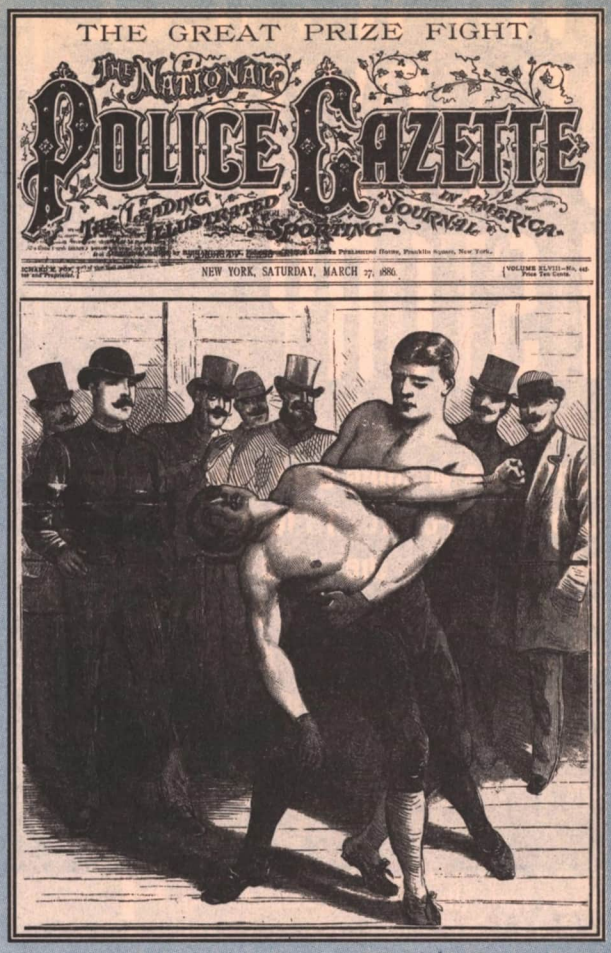
(March 14, 1886)

To be a ring superman, killer instinct is essential. It fired Dempsey and Graziano and Marciano and Duran, and it blazes like the bowels of hell in Tyson. For some, the knockout is a diluted fix; it just won't satisfy. Like when a crazed Rocky Graziano had poor Charlie Fusari helpless, pinned in a corner, his open-gloved hand clutching Charlie's throat, choking out what little life there was left in him, and Rocky's other fist crashing down atop Fusari's soggy head. To this day, I still believe that had referee Ruby Goldstein waited one second longer before grabbing Graziano's raised right club in midair, ending the debacle, death would have been a fourth man in the ring. And when Mike Tyson declared with ominous sincerity that he wanted to punch a foe's nose straight through to the back of the guy's head.

But is it possible for a man to achieve superman status when he doesn't have it in him to seek blood?

Jack Dempsey, the first so named, and the one they called "The Nonpareil" (not "The Manassa Mauler"), would be slotted high in super-superman status, if so heroic a category existed. That's what Nonpareil means: Unparalleled. Unbeatable. One of a kind.

Born in Ireland in 1862, Dempsey (real name John Kelly), was the very first world middleweight champion. There was nothing he couldn't do better than anybody else. He believed that. So did everybody else. But Jack had one problem: compassion for his fellow man. An enviable trait, to be sure, but a chronic disease for any Blood Sport competitor. The Nonpareil was the direct opposite of The Manassa Mauler when it came to axing a stricken foe. Time and time again, to the utter frustration of his cornermen, the first Jack Dempsey couldn't force himself to deliver the *coup de grace*. That compassion also annoyed the press and fans.


THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

The National Police Gazette

The Leading Illustrated Sporting Journal in America.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

A dramatic ringside sketch on the cover of the March 27, 1886, Police Gazette *shows middleweight champion Nonpareil Jack Dempsey carrying George LaBlanche to his corner after refusing to hit his helpless opponent. Dempsey had compassion for his fellow man.*

"The Nonpareil possesses remarkable boxing skills," began an article in *The Hoboken (New Jersey) News* on October 11, 1887. "But his habit of easing up when he should be delivering the knockout, which is, after all, what the public pays its hard-earned money to see, is, in itself, inexcusable."

A classic example of Dempsey's beat-'em-but-don't-kill-'em doctrine generated a volatile mixture of emotions from the assembled audience of about 900 who watched his artistry annihilate another great fighter, George LaBlanche, a French-Canadian bruiser built like a fireplug, with a huge, coal-black mustache that seemed as wide as his shoulders. The fight took place on a tiny Connecticut inlet, directly opposite the Westchester village of Larchmont, New York, on March 14, 1886. Each side was guaranteed $1,000, with a $1,500 incentive earmarked for the winner. But the real incentive to win was the magnificent, jewel-encrusted belt, emblematic of the world middleweight championship, which *The Police Gazette* would award to the victor. A subdued protest by Dempsey's trainer, Tom Clearly, pointing out that The Nonpareil had already been champion for more than two years, and therefore deserved to receive the belt *"before this fight begins"* was ignored.

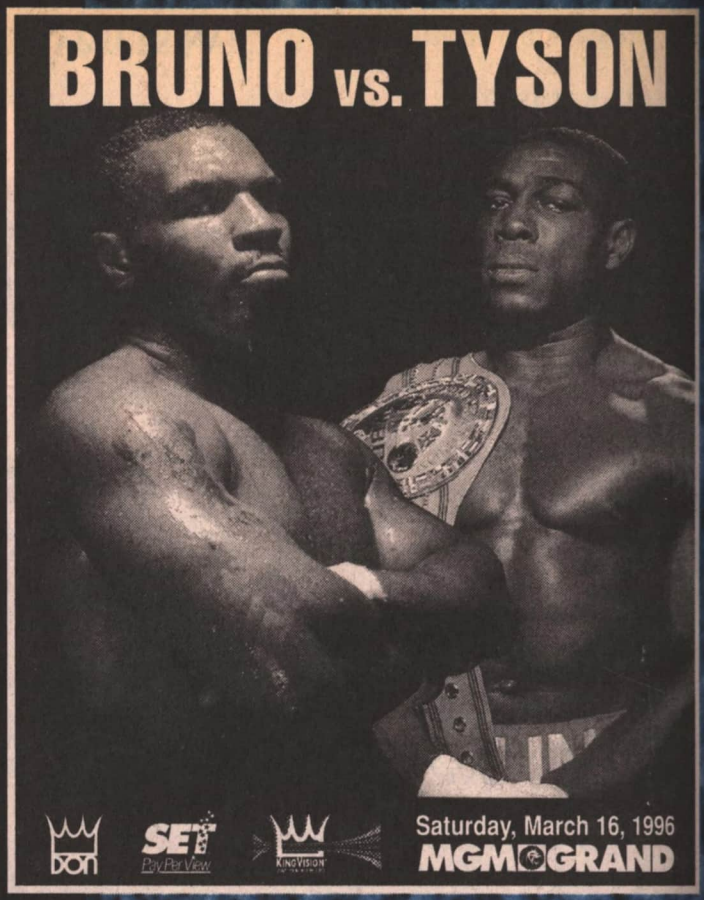
Blow-by-blow accounts stress a cruel one-sidedness laced with in-awe superlatives regarding the champion's "astonishing ability to turn a straight jab into a brutal cross-over while his fist in still in midair."

It was written that "the Canadian's head and belly seemed protected by an invisible wall of armor." But that "armor" did not prevent brave George from bleeding all over the place; on the oak ring floor, and in the faces and on the clothing of those unfortunates close by the ring. Cries of "finish him, for God's sake, finish him," pierced the air from the third round until the merciful finish 10 rounds later. But for reasons known only to him, the superman anointed The Nonpareil held himself back

(Continued on page 63)

OWN A PIECE OF BOXING HISTORY

The official program book from Mike Tyson's title-winning bout against Frank Bruno on March 16, 1996, is now available. This is the same program book that was offered on-site at the MGM Grand. This program is available while supplies last at the same price as when originally offered at the fight–$15 (plus $3.75 for shipping and handling).



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A CLOSER LOOK AT MIKE TYSON

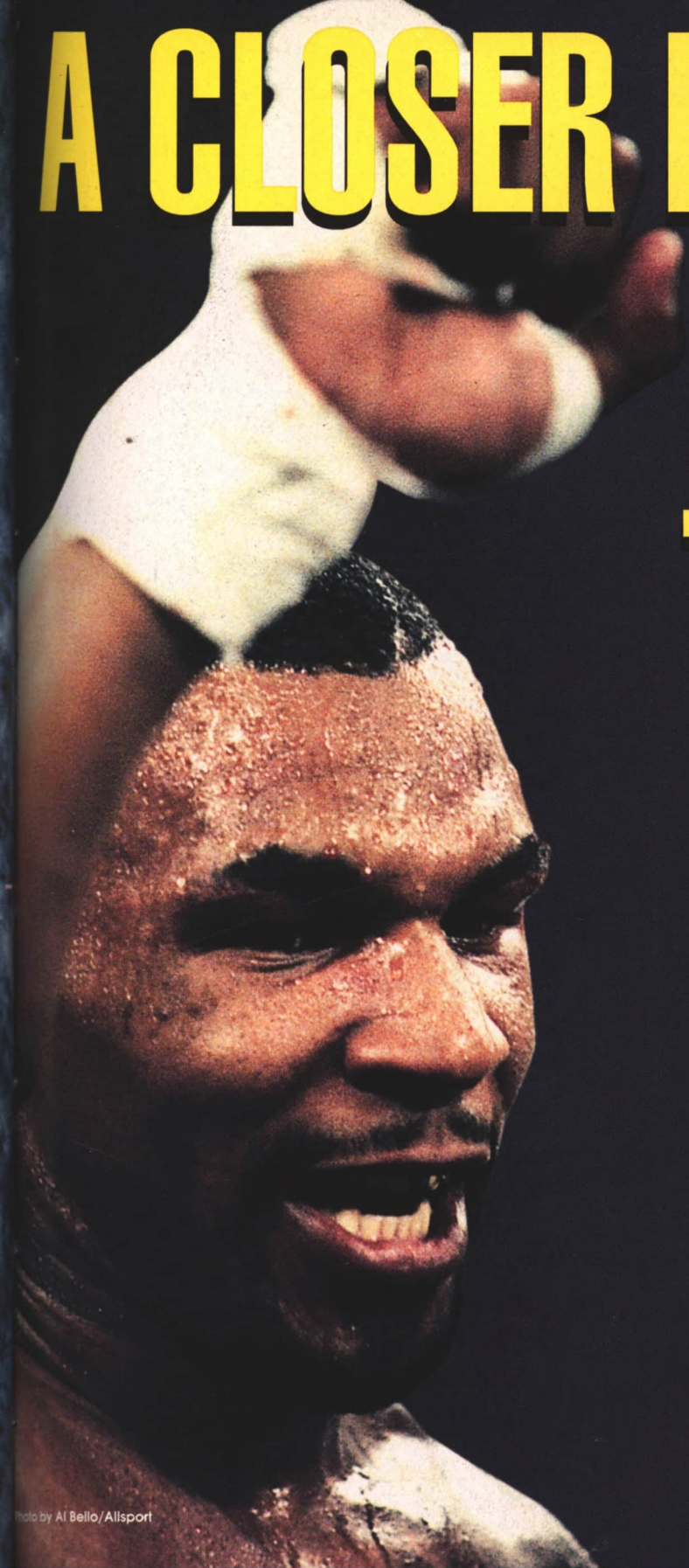


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Compiled by Steve Farhood

For almost as long as he's been fighting as a professional, and especially since resuming his career after a three-year prison stay, Mike Tyson has been analyzed, reanalyzed, overanalyzed, and then analyzed again, just in case something was missed. For both Tyson and Tyson-watchers, it's become a way of life.

In March, Tyson regained the WBC heavyweight title, knocking out Frank Bruno in Las Vegas. Is "Iron Mike" again the baddest man on the planet? More importantly, is he again the best heavyweight in the world? And what about his personal life, which, as his past would indicate, can directly affect his ring performances? The questions are asked again and again. Only on occasion do we receive sufficient answers.

In an effort to place Tyson in perspective, both in and out of the ring, we spoke with a number of veteran observers, some of whom have had dealings with the fighter, and most of whom are objective. Food for thought? Their opinions and observations provide a veritable feast.

Where He's At . . . And Where He's Going

Photos by John Gichigi/Allsport

Was Frank Bruno scared of Mike Tyson (left)? The Englishman certainly fought that way. As a result, most Tyson-watchers didn't give "Iron Mike" much credit for his kayo of Big Frank (below).

Gil Clancy, TV analyst: "I haven't seen Tyson look real good in his fights so far. Maybe better competition will bring out better technique, maybe not.

"The Bruno fight was a joke. Bruno was scared to death going into the ring. Tyson's hand speed and punching accuracy were good, but he was leaving himself wide-open. When he was throwing a right hand, he was bringing his right foot with him so that he was practically square with the guy. That's a no-no. But the other guy just wasn't firing back, and Tyson had no respect for him.

"The last time I saw a guy who was confident when he fought Tyson was Buster Douglas. He came out feeling good. You knew it by the way he threw his jab. I'd like to see Tyson with Riddick Bowe and Lennox Lewis, of course, but I also wouldn't mind seeing him in with a David Tua, who'd come out firing and try to hit him. We'd see what happens.

"I find it very, very hard to predict where Tyson's at. As far as I'm concerned, the jury's still out."

Jose Torres, former light heavyweight champion and author of Tyson biography *Fire And Fear*: "Mostly I can tell you there's hope. There's hope that Mike isn't maneuvered to do bad things. In order to prevent that, he has to mature. Before, he was a kid outside the ring and a grown man inside. But from what I've seen, there is more maturity now. Joining the Muslims is a good sign. It shows he's looking to better himself. And when he says, 'I need more money,' that's a direct statement to Don King. I think that's a good mentality. Just because you're making $30-million for a fight doesn't mean you're not being cheated.

"People are predicting the worst. The boxing psychologists say in three, four years, Tyson will be dead. I don't think so. Tyson is an intelligent guy who has a problem with his personality outside the ring. He's going to be 30, and it's time to grow up. I think that's beginning to happen.

"Mike has to become independent. It's not bad to be associated with Don King, who is still the premier promoter. But Mike can't let Don make all the decisions. It's absolutely impossible for a promoter to look out for a fighter's best interests. Once Mike says no to Don, to the Muslims, to whoever, then we'll know he's growing up."

Alex Wallau, ABC-TV boxing analyst: "My relationship with Mike has always been extremely cordial. My sense is that while I've had access to him [Wallau has conducted two interviews with Tyson since the heavyweight's release from prison], I haven't had access to his innermost thoughts. He's a very complicated person.

"I think the biggest change is his awareness of the world outside of boxing. I have a sense that he's a much broader person in his interests. When he won the title at 20, he was obsessed with being the greatest fighter that ever lived. Now boxing is in perspective for him. I think that's natural.

"Mike's been under unbelievable pressure since he's been a teenager. It was pressure and scrutiny he was totally unprepared for. I think the discomfort he has with the press right now is a result of that.

"Mike putting boxing in perspective could be a negative in terms of boxing, but a positive in terms of his life. I think he's good enough to be the best heavyweight in the world. Whether he can be the best he can be remains to be seen. In terms of his boxing, I've never been as hard on him after the Buster Douglas fight as some others. A defensive specialist who jabs and bobs and weaves and moves his head? People should go back and look at the tapes. Mike's defense was always a good offense. And the two things that weren't tested before the Douglas fight were his heart and chin. I think he's proved he has both.

"From the three fights Mike's had, I don't think we can tell anything. But the [negative] press he's gotten has been a result of his relationship with Don King and his scorn for the press much more than anything regarding his performances in the ring. The press has really, really been looking to be negative about Mike Tyson, and it hasn't been justified.

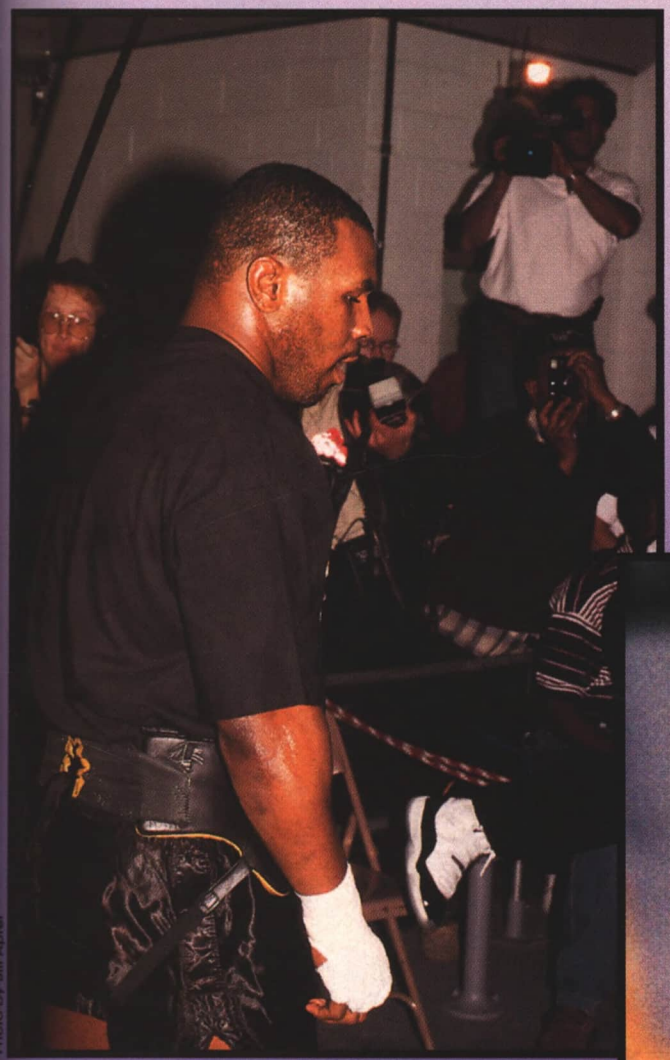
"Riddick Bowe should've learned his lesson from the second Evander Holyfield fight, but he came in slow and out of shape for the third fight and got knocked down by a guy who has never knocked down anyone with one punch throughout his entire career. And the only reason Bowe didn't get knocked out was because the other guy couldn't pick up his gloves. It was a very disappointing performance by a fighter who could've established himself as a favorite to beat Tyson. Still, Bowe emerged relatively unscathed in the press.

"I know it's a cliche, but the only person who can beat Mike Tyson is Mike Tyson. That's still true. If he's focused and dedicated, no one can beat him. But if he's distracted and half-hearted in his training and mental and physical preparation, he can be beaten. It's up to him. We just have to wait and see."

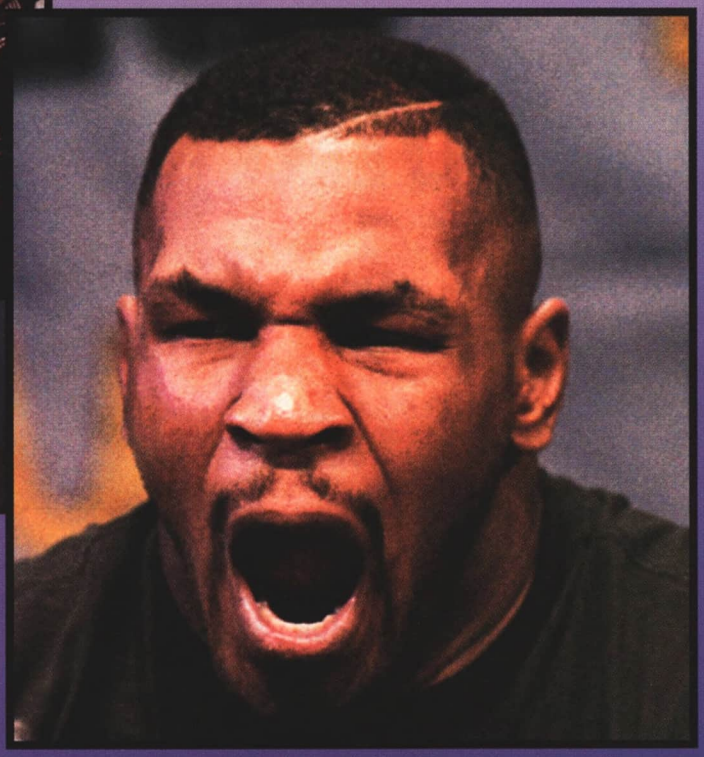
Angelo Dundee, hall of fame trainer: "Where is Mike Tyson at? Right now he's three fights into his comeback. I don't know if even *he* knows where he's at. I want to see him against somebody who will fire back or fire first. In the Bruno fight, he was there to be hit, but the other guy wasn't punching. You have to see how Mike is gonna react when he gets nailed.

"The Mike Tyson of old will never return. Even his walking into the ring isn't

(Continued on page 52)



Wherever Tyson goes, the cameras are sure to follow. "The press has really, really been looking to be negative about Mike Tyson, and it hasn't been justified," says ABC-TV's Alex Wallau.



Sometimes Tyson seems underwhelmed by it all—especially when he's seated at the dais of a Don King press conference. The world's most famous fighter is a champion again. But will he ever be as good as he once was?

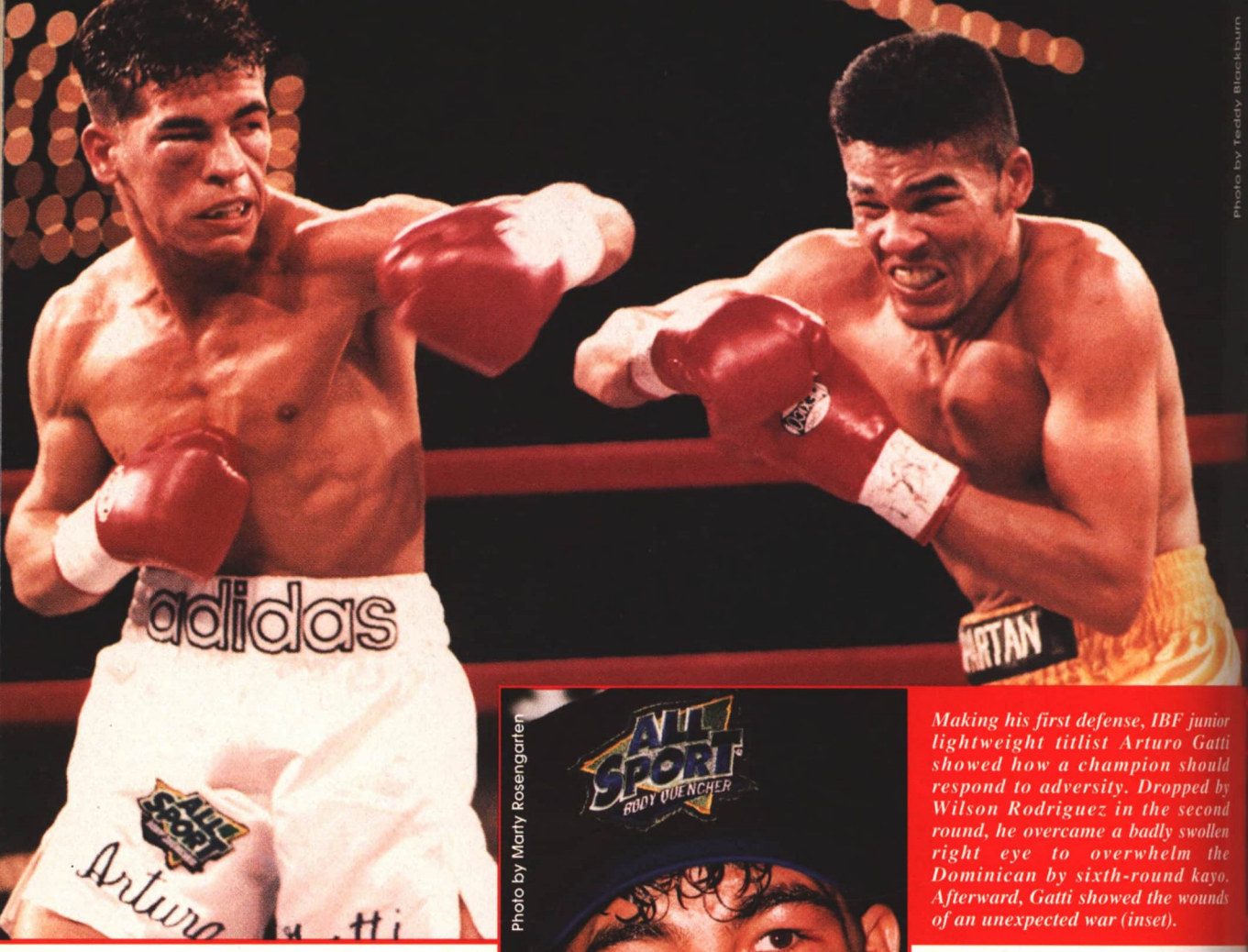


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

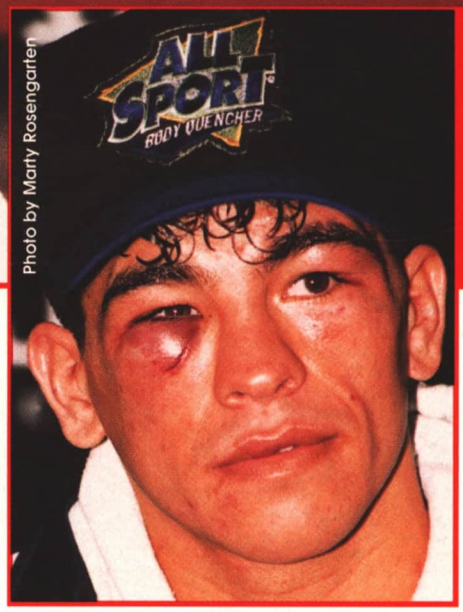


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Making his first defense, IBF junior lightweight titlist Arturo Gatti showed how a champion should respond to adversity. Dropped by Wilson Rodriguez in the second round, he overcame a badly swollen right eye to overwhelm the Dominican by sixth-round kayo. Afterward, Gatti showed the wounds of an unexpected war (inset).

ARTURO GATTI

He's So Good, He Can Do It With His Eyes Closed

By Jack Obermayer

On a raw, early-spring night, boxing, that one-time fascination of all those midtown Manhattanites, again lit up Broadway (actually Eighth Avenue), banging out its savage song to the delight of the fans at The Theater at Madison Square Garden. The late-night card, the second installment of HBO's *Boxing After Dark* series, was billed as "March Mayhem." Junior Jones' 12-round decision over Orlando Canizales was a solid opening act, but what came next was best described as "Midnight Madness."

While the boys and girls from Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey were performing their death-defying deeds a few floors above, IBF junior lightweight champion Arturo Gatti was walking his own tightrope in a one-ring circus. For pulsating action, high-risk drama, and all that is

vicious, ghastly, ugly, and beautiful about the Sweet Science, Gatti KO 6 Wilson Rodriguez turned out to be labeled the defense's exhibit A.

The 23-year-old Gatti was making his first defense of the title he won last December by hard-fought decision over Tracy Patterson. After building a big lead in that bout, he barely made it to the finish line. At the final bell, his left eye was badly swollen and his right eye was marked as well.

In a sense, round one of the Rodriguez fight was really round 13 of the Patterson fight. Rodriguez was a fair enough boxer with ready credentials, but he had been hiding away in European rings, and in 1994, he had been kayoed by John-John Molina in a try at the same title.

Gatti, 130, Jersey City, New Jersey, via Montreal, jumped out at the first bell, looking for an early kill, as is his wont. What he found instead was a willing challenger, and one who didn't run scared or commit strategic suicide by warring in the trenches. Fighting for the first time in the USA, Rodriguez, 128, Madrid, Spain, via the Dominican Republic, stood his ground and

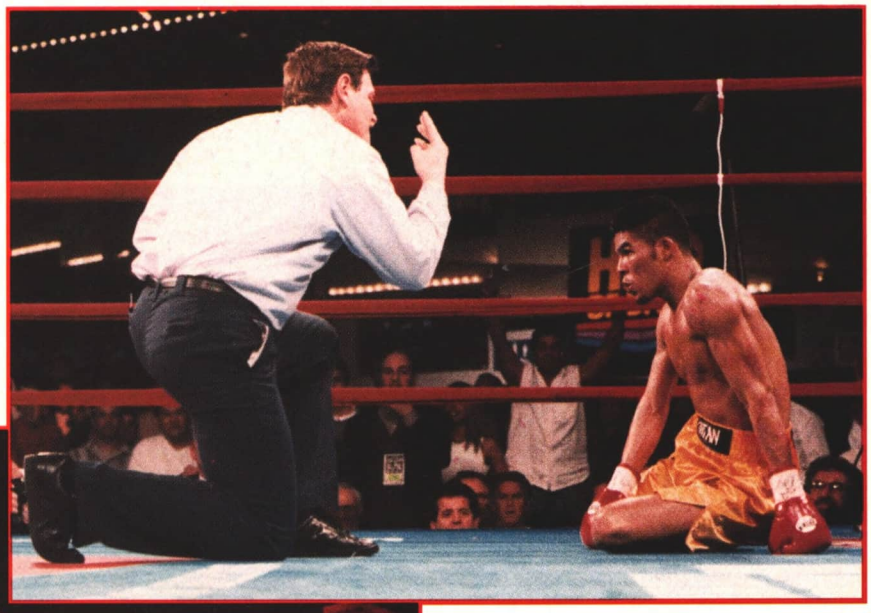


Photo by John Pomponio

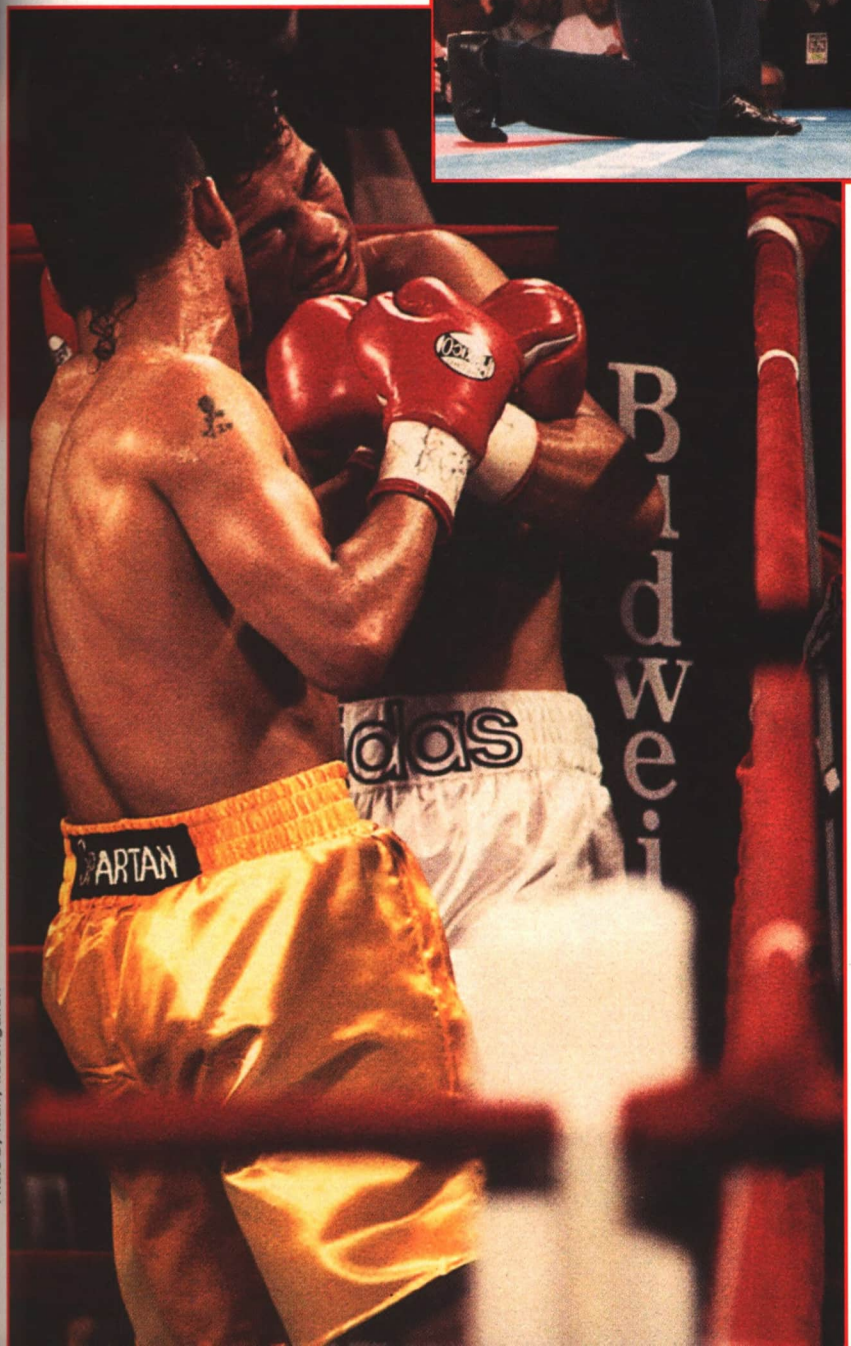


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Punching in combination, Rodriguez enjoyed his moments, especially early in the bout (left). But when a fifth-round hook to the body dropped the challenger (above), Gatti could sense a kayo victory was imminent.

instantly capitalized on his seven-inch reach advantage. As Gatti came barreling forward, Rodriguez, 30, let fire rapier jabs and jarring right crosses. What was going on? Wasn't this guy supposed to fold up?

Rodriguez wasn't going to leave without a fight, and Gatti got one. Less than two minutes in, Gatti's eyes were beginning to take another shape. There was a growing mouse under his left eye, as if the sharp-punching challenger needed a specific target to jab at. At the bell, those who thought Gatti had been granted a gimme first defense had been educated.

Gatti opened the second round in a modified bob and weave, but that didn't slow Rodriguez' offensive. With 1:15 remaining in the round, the Dominican came off the ropes with a short hook to the chin, and it looked as if the title world of young Mr. Gatti was coming to the harshest of endings. Gatti went down, then picked himself up and instinctively fought back. Within a few seconds, Rodriguez was holding.

(Contrary to some reports, the knock-

(Continued on page 53)

No Longer The Weaker Sex

WOMEN'S BOXING COMES OF AGE

By Nigel Collins

Overheard at a taxi stand outside of the MGM Grand the morning after Mike Tyson regained the WBC heavyweight title with a third-round knockout of Frank Bruno:

"Did you see the Tyson fight last night?"

"Yeah, but it wasn't much of a fight."

"How come?"

"Bruno was scared, and Mike beat him easy. But you shoulda seen the women. They put on the best fight of the night. Beat the hell outta each another."

The baddest man on the planet upstaged by women? Hard to believe, but not if you were one of the 16,693 fans inside the MGM Grand Garden Arena on March 16, or among the millions who watched on pay-per-view. While Tyson's one-sided bludgeoning of Bruno was the attraction that lured the paying customers, it was Christy Martin's bloody brawl with Deirdre Gogarty that they went home buzzing about. For six furious rounds, the women ripped into one another in a non-stop slugging match, providing as much, if not more, raw excitement than any of the men's matches on the card.

The Martin-Gogarty donnybrook was a prominent example of a growing interest in women's boxing, which is currently enjoying somewhat of a renaissance after years of neglect. Women's boxing has been around almost as long as the men's game, but has always encountered fierce cultural opposition, and not just from a sexist society that frowns upon female combatants

More than one pay-per-view boxing fan believed Christy Martin stole the Tyson-Bruno show with her bloody battle vs. Deirdre Gogarty. Thanks to recent television exposure, "The Coal Miner's Daughter" has become a star.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Women's bouts are often packed with action, as suggested by flyweight champion Regina Halmich's October 1995 brawl with Kim Messer. Halmich won a 10-round decision.

Super flyweight Yvonne Trevino (above) knows that while women's boxing may or may not sell, there's never been a question about the marketability of sex. Trevino has been scouted for a photo layout in Playboy. *In May 1994, lightweight Laura Serrano (below) held Christy Martin to a draw. Most observers felt Serrano deserved to win the verdict.*

while condoning scantily clad round-card girls. According to Jimmy Finn, general secretary of the Women's International Boxing Federation (WIBF), the biggest resistance to the advancement of women's boxing has always come from within the male-dominated boxing industry itself.

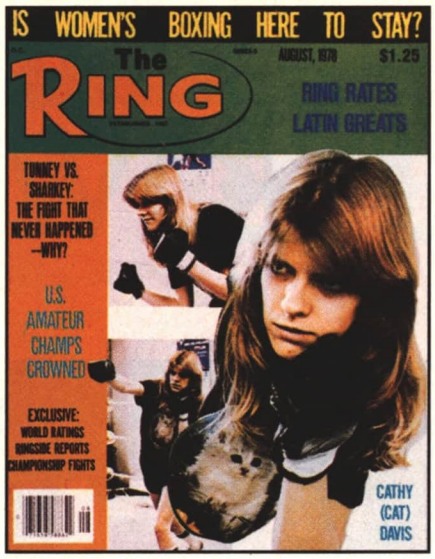
"I can sum it up in two words—machismo and ego," said Finn. "Too many people in boxing think it should be a male-only preserve. It's that way from top to bottom."

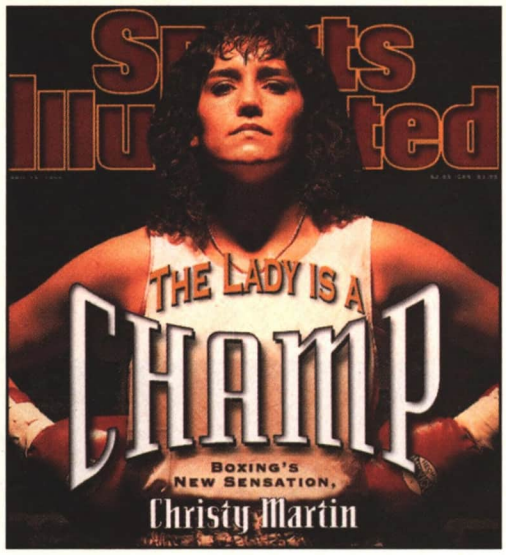
But thanks in part to Martin's high-profile appearances on Showtime and the tireless efforts of the crusading Finn and his organization, women's boxing is now more popular than ever. There is, admittedly, a segment of the population that is legitimately offended by the sight of two women swapping punches. Nevertheless, as we approach the end of the 20th century, this obstacle is becoming less and less of a factor.

"The feedback we've received has been overwhelmingly positive," said Showtime boxing boss Jay Larkin. "Some people expressed surprise at the ferocity of the [Martin-Gogarty] match, but the overall reaction has been far and away positive. Political correctness aside, it would be very difficult to defend a position of not allowing women to box."

Still, significant resistance lingers, especially among people worried about offending public taste. Fox recently declined an opportunity to telecast one of Martin's fights when she appeared on a card the network broadcast from Richmond, Virginia.

In order to fully appreciate the struggle





Cat Davis was the cover subject of the August 1978 issue of THE RING *(far left). We asked, "Is Women's Boxing Here To Stay?" Almost 20 years later, the question remains a valid one. In April,* Sports Illustrated *proclaimed Martin as boxing's new sensation (left). However, she is just the most popular of many of today's talented female fighters.*

women boxers have endured, it's helpful to know a little history. One of the earliest written accounts appeared in an English publication in 1722, reporting a match between Elizabeth Wilkinson and Hannah Hyfield. Wilkinson won the fight and a purse of three guineas.

In the 1880s, *The Police Gazette*, then America's leading sports publication, began running articles about women boxers, among them Hattie Stewart, who laid claim to the championship. However, the first bout on American soil advertised as a championship match took place in Buffalo, New York, in 1888, between Hattie Leslie and Alice Leary. Leslie won via seventh-round knockout.

Like men's boxing today, there has often been no clear-cut champion in women's boxing, with various women claiming various titles at various times. There was Ireland's Polly Fairclough around the turn of the century, Kansas City's Crystal Bennett in 1910, and France's Mile Carpentier in 1914, all calling themselves champion. The money was always minuscule compared to what their male counterparts earned, and even the so-called champions never came close to getting rich.

One of the most famous female pugs of all-time was England's Barbara Buttrick, who began boxing in 1949 as a member of a touring boxing booth troupe, taking on any woman who would climb into the ring with her. The 5-foot, 100-pound Buttrick made her U.S. debut in 1952, outpointing Pat Emerick over six rounds in Omaha, Nebraska. During the next six years, the tiny lass from Yorkshire toured the United States, Mexico, and Canada. She suffered the only loss of her career in Calgary in September '54, when Joann Hagen, who held a 20-pound weight advantage, defeated her by eight-round decision. The largest purse of Buttrick's career was $2,000.

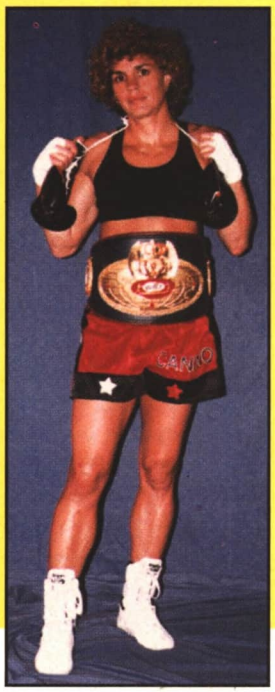
Buttrick hung up her gloves after beating Gloria Adams in October '59, and settled down in Miami, Florida, where she worked as a bookkeeper. Today, she is still a staunch supporter of women's boxing—and the president of the WIBF.

"Back in the late-'40s and early-'50s, when I was boxing, the media put you down hard," said Buttrick. "The British Boxing Board of Control wouldn't let me fight in England, so I moved to the States to look for competition."

Until the recent revival, the most active time for female fighters was during the '70s. The women's lib movement prompted several female boxers to challenge existing laws, forcing some states to issue boxing licenses to women for the first time. Boxers such as Marian "Lady Tyger" Trimiar, Rosie Reed, Yvonne Barkley, Gwen Gemini, Jackie Tonawanda, Ernestine Jones, and others championed the cause and became fairly well-known figures in the subculture. Generally, these women were serious athletes trying to earn a living at the sport they loved. Unfortunately, others saw it as nothing more than a way to make a quick buck.

A carnival atmosphere has always permeated women's boxing, but Cathy "Cat" Davis, the only woman boxer to ever be featured on the cover of THE RING, took things to an extreme. Although nobody ever proved that her fights were rigged, her string of bogus-looking victories turned off

(Continued on page 53)



WHO'S THE CHAMP?

Don't be fooled by the WBC belt worn by Christy Martin. It's strictly an honorary title. The WBC does not rank women boxers or sanction women's title bouts. The WIBF, on the other hand, has created 14 weight divisions, and currently recognizes eight champions. The organization held 10 world title bouts in 1995, and two more this year prior to press time. The reigning WIBF champions are as follows:

- Super Welterweight: Mary Ann Almagar (USA)
- Welterweight: Sandra Geiger (France)
- Super Lightweight: Daniella Somers (Belgium)
- Lightweight: Laura Serrano (Mexico)
- Super Featherweight: Bonnie Canino (USA)
- Bantamweight: Della Gonzalez (USA)
- Super Flyweight: Yvonne Trevino (USA)
- Flyweight: Regina Halmich (Germany)

Super featherweight champ Bonnie Canino

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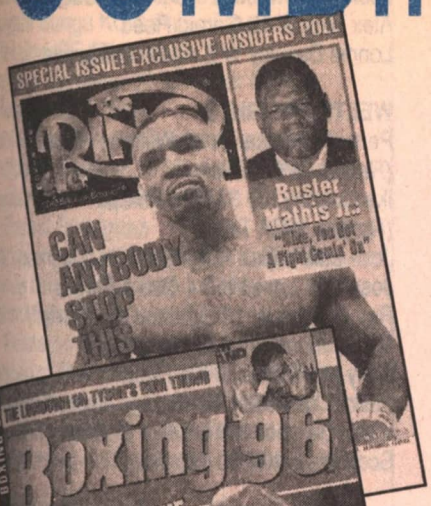

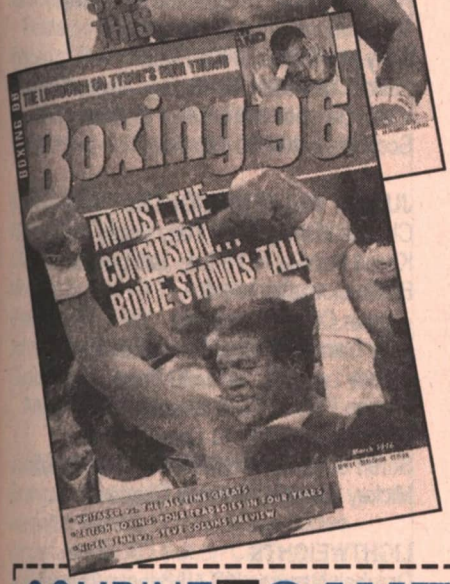

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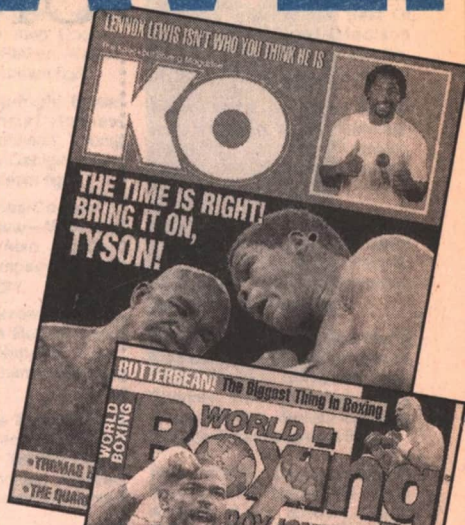

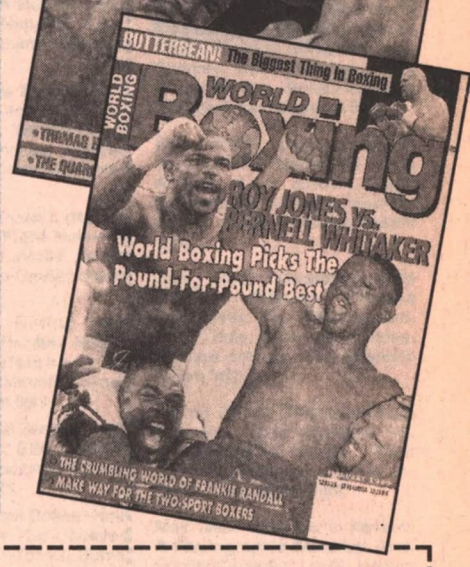

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SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Oliver McCall KO 6 James Stanton
Henry Akinwande W Disq. 7 Gerard Jones
Larry Holmes W 10 Quinn Navarre
Lionel Butler KO 2 Mauricio Villegas
Brien Nielsen KO 6 Phil Jackson
Jo-el Scott KO 6 Tim Knight
Jo-el Scott KO 1 Tim Ray
Keith McKnight W 10 Danny Wofford
Hasim Rahman W 10 Ross Purrity
Crawford Grimsley KO 1 Eddy Curry
Jorge Valdes KO 2 Charles Hostetter
Ahmad Abdin KO 6 Derrick Roddy
Tyrone Booze KO 4 James Mullins
Jeff Wooden W 10 Ricardo Kennedy

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Nate Miller KO 9 Brian LaSpada
(Retains WBA Title)
Torsten May KO 6 Gary Steiger
Frank Tate W 10 Everardo Armenta
Ralf Rocchigiani KO 4 Jay Snyder
John Scully KO 1 Luis Feliciano
Jose Gomes W 10 Juan Barrero
Uriah Grant KO 1 Reynaldo Gimenez
Dale Brown KO 2 Dave Fiddler
Anthony Hembrick W 10 Mike Sedillo

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Montell Griffin KO 2 Anthony Golden
Prince Charles Williams KO 2 Chris Vernon
Anthony Hembrick KO 5 Richard Perry
Gary Ballard KO 3 Carlton West
Chris Tiozzo KO 2 Norman Bates

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Tim Littles KO 3 Chris Sande
Mauro Galvano W 8 Jose Cataneo
Vincenzo Nardiello KO 1 Norberto Bueno
Steve Little W 12 Camilo Alarcon
Frederic Seillier KO 1 Aveilo Slate
Derrick James KO 3 Pedro Montiel
Billy Lewis W 10 Charles Scott
Bo James KO 3 Terrence Kelly

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Dana Rosenblatt KO 2 Howard Davis Jr.
Glenwood Brown W 10 Gerry Walker
Simon Brown KO 1 Mike Bryant
Buck Smith W 10 Jeff Frank
Peter Venancio KO 10 Ernesto Sena

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Hector Camacho KO 7 Wilbur Garst
Adrian Stone KO 1 Miroslav Gregiev
Ernie Artango KO 3 Tevita Vakalabure
Rafael Williams KO 2 Shibata Flores
Leonard Townsend KO 2 Larry Sutton
Alex Rios W 10 Gerald Reed
Lonnie Beasley W 8 Aaron McLaurine

WELTERWEIGHTS
Pernell Whitaker W 12 Wilfredo Rivera
(Retains WBC Title)
Ike Quartey KO 3 Vince Phillips
(Retains WBA Title)
Jose Luis Lopez KO 1 Eamonn Loughran
Jose Luis Lopez KO 4 Oscar Burgos
Ray Oliveira W 10 Lyndon Paul Walker
Ralph Jones KO 2 Bobby Jones
Tony Martin KO 10 Kip Diggs
Patrick Charpentier KO 10 Jorge Aquino Ramirez
Victor Baranov KO 5 Spike Cheney
Scott Walker W 10 Tito Tovar

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Charles Murray W 12 Tony Lopez
Khalid Rahilou KO 5 Eric Jakubowski
Bolillo Gonzalez KO 4
Juan Carlos Rodriguez
Joey Gamache W 12 Rocky Martinez
Freddy Ladd KO 3 Harold Petty
Vernon Forrest KO 8 Isaac Cruz
Shannan Taylor D 10 Corey Johnson
Soren Sondergaard KO 6 Noe Hernandez
Mickey Ward KO 9 Lewis Veader

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Orzubek Nazarov KO 4 Adrianus Taroreh
(Retains WBA Title)
Pete Taliaferro W 10 Emanuel Burton
Billy Schwer KO 5 Eddie Lloyd
Victor Hugo Paz W 10 Miguel Francia
Hiroyuki Sakamoto KO 11 Roger Borreros
Frankie Toledo KO 4 Tony Saladin

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Arturo Gatti KO 6 Wilson Rodriguez
(Retains IBF Title)
Tracy Patterson W 10 Harold Warren
Reggie Tuur W 12 Narciso Valenzuela
Robert Garcia W 12 Darryl Pinckney
Jeff Fenech KO 2 Mike Juarez
Anatoly Alexandrov W 12 Didier Scheaffer
Arnulfo Castillo KO 2 Jose Antonio Ocampo
Julien Lorcy W 10 Manuel Calvo
Angel Manfredy No-Contest 5 David Toledo
Tony Pep KO 7 Johar Abu-Lashin
Takanori Hatakeyama KO 2 Jung Il Choi
Jesus Rodriguez KO 3 Javier Pichardo
Saul Duran KO 6 Noree Jockygym
Little Guns Pumar KO 9 Adolfo Aldana
John Lewus KO 1 Chris Jeffreys
Louie Leija KO 7 Ramon Flores
Jimmi Bredahl W 12 Angel Aldama

FEATHERWEIGHTS
David Santos KO 1 Pat Simeon
Colin McMillan KO 3 Peter Buckley
Jesus Chavez W 12 Cedric Mingo

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Vuyani Bungu KO 2 Pablo Osuna
(Retains IBF Title)
Antonio Cermeno W 12 Yober Ortega
(Retains WBA Title)
Junior Jones W 12 Orlando Canizales
Welcome Ncita W 10 Manuel Santiago
Hector Acero-Sanchez KO 5
Rafael Rodriguez
Daniel Jimenez KO 5 Alejandro Sanabria
Jesus Salud KO 3 Jose Luis Meza
John Michael Johnson KO 2
Felizardo Carrasco
Vincenzo Belcastro D 12 Serge Poilblan
Nestor Garza KO 6 Ramon Gonzalez
Yuichi Kasai KO 5 Noe Santillana
Hdrian Hvichi KO 8 Derrick Whiteboy

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Wayne McCullough W 12 Jose Luis Bueno
(Retains WBC Title)
Mbulelo Botile KO 11 Ancee Gedeon
(Retains IBF Title)
Johnny Bredahl KO 1 Rolando Pascua
Cuauhtemoc Gomez KO 11
Angel Rosario-Garcia

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Evangelio Perez KO 5 Julio Gamboa
Alejandro Montiel KO 9 Edicson Torres
Jesper Jensen KO 4 Juan Camero
Joel Luna Zarate KO 5 Cesar Miranda

FLYWEIGHTS
Saen Sow Ploenchit W 12 Leo Gamez
(Retains WBA Title)
Alberto Jimenez KO 5 Miguel Martinez
Scotty Olson Tech. Draw 2 Jesus Zuniga
Gilberto Gonzalez KO 5 Josue Camacho
Mickey Cantwell W 12 Keith Knox

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Carlos Murillo KO 10 Jose Garcia Bernal
(Retains WBA Title)
Jesus Chong KO 7 Eric Griffin
Baby Jake Matlala KO 10 Paul Weir
Rocky Lin W 10 Jerry Pahayahay
Manuel Herrera W 12 Jose Guevara

STRAWWEIGHTS
Rosendo Alvarez KO 3 Kermin Guardia
(Retains WBA Title)
Ratanapol Sor Vorapin KO 11 Lee Castillo
*(Non-Title Bout)**

*Sor Vorapin lost the IBF title on the scales by failing to make weight. The title is vacant.

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

Had it all the way, right, Arturo?

IBF junior lightweight champion Arturo Gatti's first defense, an off-the-floor victory over Wilson Rodriguez at The Theater at Madison Square Garden, was far too exciting for the champion's handlers.

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

"When Arturo went down [in the second round], I almost had a heart attack," said Pat Lynch, Gatti's manager. "Russell Peltz [Gatti's co-promoter] told me my face turned white."

If Lynch was a bit pale, Gatti was virtually unrecognizable. As early as the second round, there were bruises and swelling around both of his eyes. Rodriguez was connecting with frightening ease, which helped Gatti sense the urgency of the situation. Winging punches with abandon, he made a dramatic comeback, twice dropping the challenger en route to scoring a sixth-round kayo.

If this is what Gatti's title reign is going to be like, hide the women and children and pass the nitroglycerine.

• • • •

Arturo Gatti

Antonio Cermeno W 12 Yober Ortega

Miami, Florida: History was made at the Miami Arena when WBA junior featherweight champion Cermeno defended against mandatory challenger and fellow Venezuelan Ortega. Never before had someone named Yober fought for a world title.

But Yober didn't win it. Cermeno, 121, Miranda, Venezuela, survived the southpaw challenger's ceaseless attack and edged Ortega, 120¾, Turmero, Venezuela, by close but unanimous decision. This, Cermeno's second defense, was a feature on the Nate Miller-Brian LaSpada card.

The bout started slowly, with the lanky Cermeno, 27, moving laterally and trying to establish his jab. But as is often the case against left-handers, his jab was a mostly ineffective weapon. It was only when Cermeno moved inside that he peppered Ortega with combinations.

With the exception of the third round, which saw both fighters throwing punches in bunches, the bout didn't heat up until the second half. The 30-year-old Ortega, who had never before fought outside of his homeland, backed up Cermeno in the seventh, and landed a five-punch combination in the eighth. He moved forward from bell to bell, always reaching for his 5'10" opponent. However, Cermeno proved equally tough. In a bout during which both fighters threw more than 1,000 blows, he was at least as busy as the challenger, and the crisper puncher throughout.

Concentrating on a body attack, Cermeno, 24-1 (15), controlled the last four rounds. (After the eighth, Ortega led on two of the three cards.) Ortega, 20-2 (14), stayed competitive by continuing to wing left hands to both the head and body, but the decision seemed a fair one. Paul Herman (USA) scored 116-112, Marco Torres (Panama) 116-115, and Guy Jutras (Canada) 115-114. THE RING had Cermeno in front by 115-113.

The referee was Armando Garcia (USA).

Cermeno, who surprisingly dethroned Wilfredo Vasquez in May 1995, is a solid champion. But the junior featherweight division is hotter than it's ever been, and the Venezuelan seemingly lacks the power to compete with Marco Antonio Barrera, Kennedy McKinney, and a resurgent Junior Jones. With that said, look for him to continue to feast on the less than formidable competition provided by the WBA's top 10.

Promoter: Don King

(3-23-96)

Steve Farhood

Nate Miller KO 9 Brian LaSpada

Miami, Florida: Before LaSpada took on WBA cruiserweight champion Miller at the Miami Arena, Al Rodriguez, the challenger's manager, said the key would be his fighter's reaction to the moment. "The first couple of rounds are crucial," said Rodriguez. "He can't be star-struck."

Only 50 seconds into the fight, Miller connected with a right hand. Down went LaSpada, and out went his chances of winning the title.

Miller, 188¼, Philadelphia, was making his second defense of the crown he won from Orlin Norris last July. For the 6'3" LaSpada, 187, Las Vegas, Nevada, via Buffalo, New York, this was an ambitious jump up in class. As it turned out, it was a jump he wasn't prepared for.

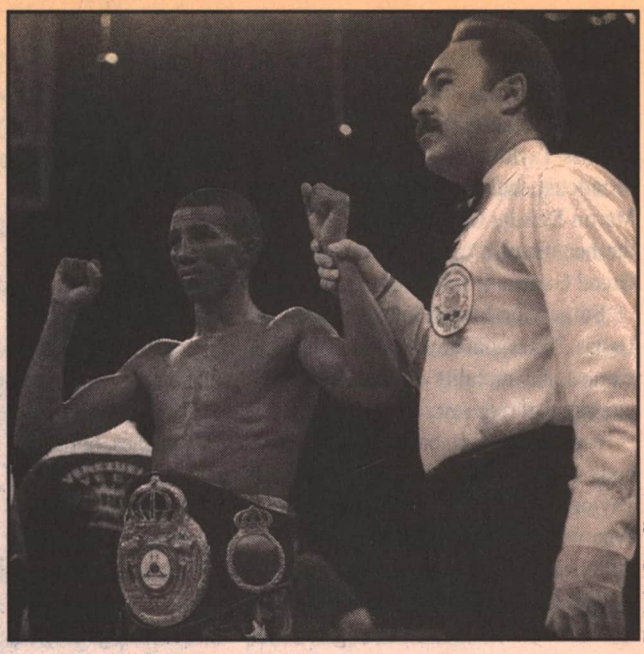

Photo by Tom Sisson

Cermeno worked hard to keep his belt

The 23-year-old LaSpada, who is trained and promoted by a pair of former world champions, Roger Mayweather and Corny Boza-Edwards, respectively, rose quickly from the first-round knockdown and barely survived Miller's crazed followup attack. From that point on, the challenger backtracked with his hands held low. He stuck out an annoying jab, crossed with sloppily delivered rights, and unashamedly held whenever Miller moved close.

For his part, Miller, 32, attacked somewhat erratically. With no regard for LaSpada's power, he led with wide hooks and lunging rights. There was little combination-punching and virtually no body attack, which is generally a Miller trademark.

In the third, a jab knocked LaSpada's mouthpiece flying, and the challenger returned to his corner with a swollen and bruised left eye. The fans began to boo LaSpada's track-meet tactics in the fourth. In the fifth, Miller suffered a cut over his left eye, with referee Bill Connors (USA) ruling an accidental butt. The champion, perhaps too relaxed, was tempting fate by allowing LaSpada to survive.

In the sixth, a right again drove out LaSpada's mouthpiece. When Miller connected with two rights late in the eighth, the end seemed near. In the ninth, a lead right snapped back LaSpada's head, and when Connors spotted a nasty gash over the challenger's left eye, the bout was mercifully halted at the 56-second mark.

The judges were Jay Kasees (USA), Jorge Constantino (Chile), and Ernesto Magana (Mexico).

"He was very tricky," Miller said of LaSpada. "I had to stalk him and watch my P's and Q's. I wasn't scared at all."

We're not sure LaSpada could make the same claim.

Look for Miller to make his next defense against mandatory challenger Adolpho Washington.

Promoter: Don King

Television: Fox Sports

(3-23-96)

Steve Farhood

Keith Holmes KO 9 Quincy Taylor

Las Vegas, Nevada: Almost lost on the Tyson-Bruno undercard was Holmes' surprising upset over Taylor, who was making his first defense of the WBC middleweight title. Originally, Holmes-Taylor was scheduled as part of SET's live pay-per-view broadcast, but it was bumped to make room for the Christy Martin-Deirdre Gogarty fight. As a result, the bout was fought for the benefit of a couple of thousand early arrivals at the MGM Grand Garden. It was aired on tape, after Tyson-Bruno.

Surgery on his left knee had kept the 32-year-old Taylor, 160, Dallas, Texas, out of action for more than six months, and he wore a brace. His mobility did not seem impaired, but there were definite signs of ring rust.

It was a strategic battle of southpaw counterpunches, but somebody had to force the issue, and the unaccustomed task fell on Taylor's shoulders. The champion tried to cut off the ring, but even when he succeeded in working his way inside, he failed to inflict any significant damage.

The angular Holmes, 160, Washington, D.C., made excellent use of lateral movement during the first three rounds, getting the better of what was essentially a duel of jabs. (The 6'2" left-hander enjoyed a seven-inch reach advantage.) His punches didn't seem to carry much steam at first, but when the fight heated up in the fourth and fifth rounds, he started putting a little more snap on them.

What had all the earmarks of a distance fight suddenly took an unexpected turn in the ninth when the 27-year-old Holmes, who had previously fought at junior middleweight, connected with a searing right to the head. The punch pitched Taylor over, and he landed flat on his back, legs sticking up in the air. Taylor, 26-4 (22), beat the count, but when Holmes, 28-1 (18), was on target with a flurry of followup punches, referee Richard Steele (USA) called a halt at the 1:43 mark.

"I felt like I could continue," said Taylor. "It was a good shot, but I felt I had complete control of the fight at the time."

"The doubting is over," proclaimed Holmes, whose only loss came in his eighth pro bout. "I proved myself tonight. I was wearing him down. I kept listening to my corner, dug down deep, and got him."

All three judges—David Chung (South Korea), Dave Brown (Canada), and Chuck Giampa (USA)—had Holmes ahead after eight rounds. The only round *The Ring* gave Taylor was the sixth.

Promoter: Don King

(3-16-96)

Nigel Collins

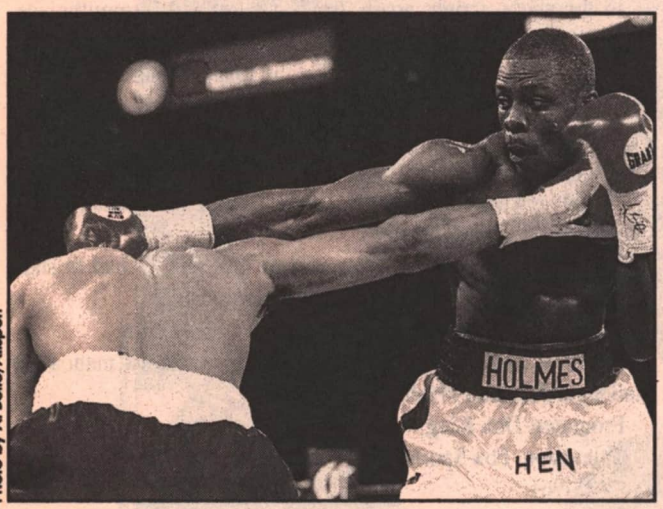

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Holmes crossed swords, then won the duel

Bernard Hopkins KO 4 Joe Lipsey

Las Vegas, Nevada: Capitalizing on his second appearance on free TV in less than two months, IBF middleweight champion Hopkins scored a career-boosting fourth-round knockout of previously undefeated mandatory challenger Lipsey at the MGM Grand Garden. The bout, an afternoon lead-in to the Tyson-Bruno card (fans were admitted free), was televised on ABC's *Wide World Of Sports*. It was "The Executioner's" second defense.

The 30-year-old Hopkins, 160, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was originally slated to meet Lipsey, a southpaw, in January, but when Lipsey suffered an asthma attack, Steve Frank subbed—and was knocked out cold in a record-tying 24 seconds! Hopkins didn't dispatch Lipsey quite that quickly, but the end was no less emphatic.

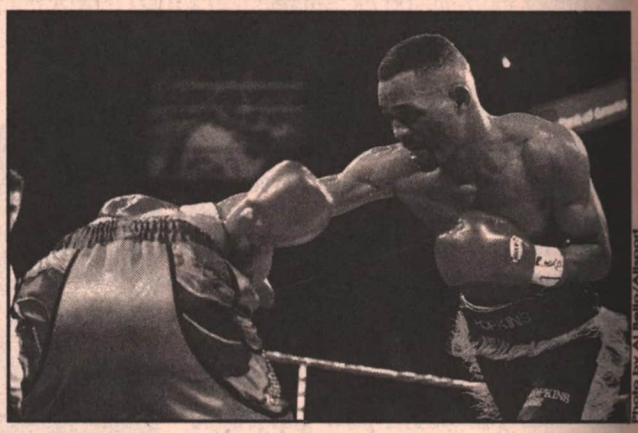

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

In whipping Lipsey, "The Executioner" executed to perfection

Lipsey, 158, Lansing, Michigan, didn't do too badly the first two rounds. "The Hammer" advanced behind his jab and succeeded in finding his target often enough to raise a lump over the champion's right eye. But when Hopkins shifted into high gear in the third, the 29-year-old Lipsey suddenly looked out of his depth.

Fighting with a cool fury, Hopkins hooked hard to the body and repeatedly caught his man with stinging rights to the head. Late in the fourth, he stopped the challenger dead in his steps with a right-left. Moments later, a right uppercut, similar to the punch that finished Frank, whipped into Lipsey's jaw, sending his head jerking back and mouthpiece flying.

For what seemed like an eternity, the stricken boxer hung limply in the air, his arms dangling helplessly at his sides. Referee Mitch Halpern (USA) seemed as paralyzed as Lipsey, and Hopkins was permitted to smash several more punches into his opponent's unprotected head, sending him crashing down on his back, his head bouncing off the floor.

Though Halpern immediately stopped the fight—the time of the stoppage was the 2:50 mark—there were several anxious minutes before Lipsey, 25-1 (20), was revived.

The judges were Duane Ford, Dalby Shirley, and Stu Winston,

all from the USA.

"I didn't see it coming," Lipsey said of the right uppercut that marked the beginning of the end.

"We all have talent," said Hopkins, 29-2-1 (22). "We all have something special we can do. Mine is knocking out people. Every fight to me is do or die.

"I want to be the next Marvin Hagler."

Promoter: Don King

(3-16-96)

Nigel Collins

Michael Carbajal W 12 Melchor Cob Castro

Las Vegas, Nevada: If Carbajal's first title reign began with an explosion, his second championship run was marked by more of a snap, crackle, and pop. Fighting for the vacant IBF junior flyweight title on the Tyson-Bruno undercard at the MGM Grand Garden, "Little Hands Of Stone" outboxed another former champion, Mexican southpaw Cob Castro, winning by unanimous decision. It was a technically sound performance, but also one lacking in passion. In fact, there hasn't been much fire from Carbajal since his first of three battles with Chiquita Gonzalez.

When the defensively adept Cob Castro, 107, China, Campeche, Mexico, began by moving to his left and boxing with caution, the 28-year-old Carbajal, 107, Phoenix, Arizona, wisely capitalized on his 4¼-inch reach advantage. The first five rounds were dull, with Carbajal connecting with a few rights and the 5'2" Cob Castro consistently short with his blows. Still, Carbajal was able to build only a small lead on the cards.

"I planned to box him," Carbajal said. "I knew he was a tough fighter and could take a good punch. I thought I was catching him from the outside. I just kept throwing right hands."

Cob Castro, 27, moved inside over the second half of the bout, and the action picked up. When Carbajal, 40-2 (28), stood and fought, the 108-pounders traded to the body. Cob Castro's left hand was the most effective weapon, but the judges failed to reward him for his effort. In fact, over the course of the entire fight, Cob Castro, 45-5-4 (19), didn't sweep a single round on the cards.

Carbajal found Castro hard to find

The fight was closer than the judges' totals suggested. Bill Graham scored 115-113, Dave Moretti 116-112, and Tom McDonough an off-base 117-111. (THE RING scored for Cob Castro by 116-115.) All three judges, as well as referee Jay Nady, are from the USA.

"I thought I won the fight," said Cob Castro. "Carbajal got a gift tonight."

"That is why I didn't want those judges," added Rafael Mendoza, the Mexican's manager.

Afterward, Carbajal said he'd like to unify the title. We'd rather see him in a defense against WBC strawweight champion Ricardo Lopez, also a winner on the card. Maybe a fighter as highly regarded as Lopez would help create another explosion. Carbajal's certainly due for one.

(3-16-96)

Steve Farhood

Ricardo Lopez KO 8 Ala Villamor

Las Vegas, Nevada: Just in case anyone was thinking about removing Lopez from the pound-for-pound ratings ...

Making his 15th defense of the WBC strawweight title, Lopez climbed through the ropes for the first time in almost a year, or since surgery on both hands following an April 1995 defense against Andy Tabanas. The 28-year-old ringmaster is boxing's longest-reigning champion—he was crowned in October 1990—and befitting a fighter of his stature, his comeback bout, a feature on the undercard of Tyson-Bruno, came against the division's top-rated and most dangerous contender. While Villamor had failed in his lone previous title try, a seventh-round kayo loss to IBF champion Ratanapol Sor Vorapin in 1993, the southpaw's kayo percentage of .896 is indicative of his destructive left hand.

Lopez, 104½, Mexico City Mexico, began as if needing to reacquaint himself with the real estate of the ring. He darted in and out for four rounds, and Villamor, 105, Cebu, Philippines, never got close enough to as much as threaten the champion. Once Lopez, 41-0 (31), began flaunting his considerable offensive skills in the fifth, his punches, most of which came in combination, flowed effortlessly. The 25-year-old Villamor, 29-2-1 (26), began retreating in the sixth, when Lopez introduced a draining body attack.

Growing desperate, Villamor began lunging and boxing sloppily in the seventh. Lopez was scoring with every punch and dominating in every phase. When the Mexican is at his best, he is wondrous to watch—and frightening to fight.

Early in the eighth, Villamor released a loose jab and Lopez countered with a left uppercut that thudded into the Filipino's jaw. *Boom!* In a delayed reaction, Villamor crashed hard, and referee Joe Cortez (USA) didn't bother to count, waving off the bout at the 40-second mark.

The judges, who did not give Villamor a single round, were Carol Castellano (USA), Alfred Asaro (France), and Daniel Van De Wiele (Belgium).

"The president of the Philippines sent the man to get the belt," said Lopez, "but they had to carry him out of the ring before he gets that belt."

"I didn't see it coming," was Villamor's fitting quote.

As good as Lopez is, he still needs to rise in weight and defeat

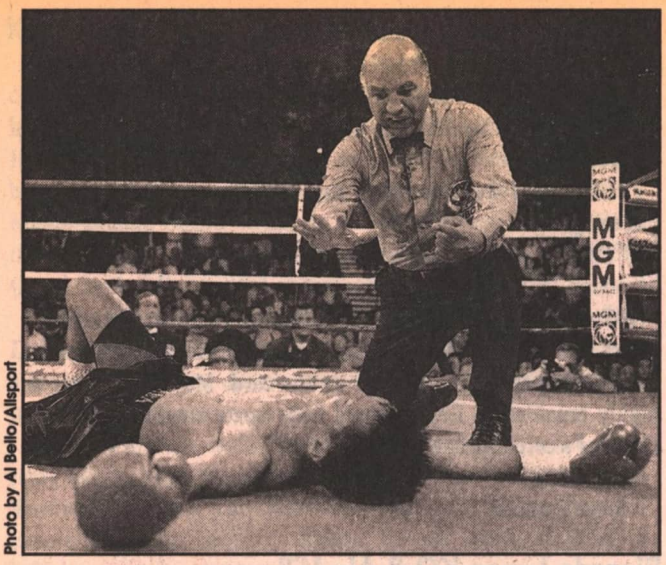

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Lopez gave Villamor reason to rest

Michael Carbajal or Chiquita Gonzalez, or at least Saman Sorjaturong. He's a great fighter, no doubt, and because of that, he deserves a meatier epitaph than *"Ricardo Lopez: The Greatest Strawweight Ever."*

(3-16-96)

Steve Farhood

Wayne McCullough W 12 Jose Luis Bueno

Dublin, Ireland: Despite the pain from a perforated eardrum and the problem that injury caused to his balance, WBC bantamweight champion McCullough battled heroically to overcome the warring instincts and powerful counterpunching of former 115-pound champion Bueno before a crowd of 5,000 at The Point Depot. The split decision victory was "The Pocket Rocket's" second defense.

McCullough isn't likely to fight at bantamweight any longer. He was drained by his effort to shed six pounds the final day and a half, and according to manager Mat Tinley, he'll soon rise to junior featherweight, with the WBC to rank him first. (Daniel Zaragoza is the WBC champion at that weight.)

Bueno, 118, Nezahualcoyotl, Mexico, busted the champion's eardrum with an overhand right in the second round, and McCullough, 118, Las Vegas via Belfast, Northern Ireland, had to draw on all his reserves to last the 12 rounds. His eyes were heavily marked by the halfway point, and by the end, his face was so grotesquely swollen that he was barely recognizable. His punching lacked authority as the fight wore on, and defensively, there was much room for improvement. The 26-year-old Bueno repeatedly landed solidly with rights, and if it weren't for the champion's unbreakable resolve, the challenger might well have flown home with the belt.

At the start, the 25-year-old McCullough, 19-0 (14), characteristically put his opponent on the back foot with a relentless barrage of varied punches. His offense was crispest in the second and third, when a one-two was followed by a pinpoint hook that sent the Mexican staggering into a neutral corner. An early night was threatened.

But the challenger was made of stern stuff, too, and he weathered the storm before firing back over the next couple of rounds. In the sixth, he rocked McCullough with a straight right and a ferocious right uppercut. There were more dangerous rights from Bueno, 28-7-1 (20), in the seventh and eighth, punctuated by a few telling hooks. But even as Bueno hauled himself back into the fight, McCullough's work rate remained superior.

From the ninth round, however, there was nothing on McCullough's punches, and he had to withstand another punishing right uppercut in his own corner. A hook shook him as well in the 10th, as the champion began tiring rapidly. Still, he bravely took the shots and produced a Herculean last-round effort to make sure of the decision.

Jose Lazaro Carrasco (Spain) and Marty Sammon (USA) scored for McCullough by 118-114 and 116-112, respectively, while Rolando Barrovecchio (Italy) saw it 116-113 for Bueno. THE RING had McCullough in front by 116-113.

"It was murder," remarked McCullough on his struggle to make weight. He might just as well have been commenting on the fight.

As we went to press, it hadn't been determined whether McCullough would be fit enough to defend against Luigi Camputaro on the Julio Cesar Chavez-Oscar De La Hoya card on June 7.

Promoter: Aiken Promotions, in association with Guinness

(3-30-96)

Brian Doogan

Mbulelo Botile KO 11 Ancee Gedeon

Providence, Rhode Island: IBF bantamweight champion Botile (pronounced Bow-till-ee) is a scaled-down version of Alexis Arguello—never flashy but always brutally efficient. With economy of movement and flawless fundamentals, he defended the title for the third time, nullifying most of the attacks of mandatory challenger Gedeon, wearing him down with precise combinations, and leaving him flat on his back 35 seconds into the 11th round before a crowd of less than 2,000 at the Providence Civic Center.

Gedeon, 117, Westminster, California, via Haiti, earned this bout with a six-fight winning streak highlighted by upsets of Robert Quiroga and Sergio Reyes. Although the 27-year-old challenger climbed through the ropes with a mark of 14-7-1 (5), his revival justified his ranking. His strategy was to get inside of the

Botile impressed everyone, including Welcome Ncita (foreground)

taller Botile, 118, East London, South Africa, but the tactic worked only sporadically.

Armed with a seven-inch reach advantage, the 23-year-old Botile initially kept Gedeon on the end of his jab so effortlessly, he could have been wearing a tuxedo. The 5'2" challenger came to life in the second, firing volleys to the ribs while Botile countered. Gedeon started the third in the same mode, but a clash of heads opened a cut over his left eye, and he slipped into somewhat of a defensive shell.

Botile, 19-0 (12), controlled the next two frames as Gedeon allowed him to dictate the pace. Gedeon again awakened in the sixth and seventh, outworking the champion and rattling Botile's torso with short, hard combinations inside. Botile reacted calmly, slipping in an occasional right to the chin. By round eight, Botile had timed Gedeon's rushes well enough to evade most of the damaging blows, while his own counters were landing with increasing accuracy.

By the ninth, Botile's textbook crosses had the brawling Gedeon backing up. Early in the 10th, a left-right planted Gedeon on the canvas. One minute later, a volley floored him again, and he barely survived until the bell.

Gedeon appeared to have recovered at the start of the 11th, but when he led by lunging, Botile countered with a jab-cross, and the challenger crumpled in his corner. Referee Harold Gomes (USA) could have counted to 1,000.

Botile's corner had been worried about the judging, and despite the South African's dominance, trainer Mzi Mnguni's between-rounds advice was to go for a knockout.

"It took Botile a few rounds to figure this guy out," said Mnguni. "And he was so strong, he was a tough opponent. We are always concerned with the scoring because you never know [about] the judges if you have to go 12 rounds."

The trainer's fears proved unfounded, as Botile was ahead by at least four points on all three cards. The judges were William Hutt, Robert O'Brien, and Dr. Clark Sammartino, all from the USA. THE RING had Botile in front by 97-91.

Said Noe Cruz, one of Gedeon's handlers, "I think it was a close fight, and we told Ancee we needed those last three rounds. I think he was trying too hard, loading up his punches all night and missing a lot."

Mnguni said Botile's plans included meeting "whomever we must fight next." In all likelihood, however, the champion dissuaded some of his potential opponents with this performance.

The bout was televised on the USA Network.

Promoters: Championship Productions, in association with Cedric Kushner

(4-2-96)

Jay N. Miller

Junior Jones W 12 Orlando Canizales

New York, New York: March 1994 would have been perfect for this junior featherweight bout. As it turned out, March 1996 wasn't that bad after all.

A pair of former bantamweight champions, Jones and Canizales clashed in a tasty appetizer to the Gatti-Rodriguez title bout. The crafty but aging (30) Canizales, 122, Laredo, Texas, came east to shore up his somewhat sagging career against a man

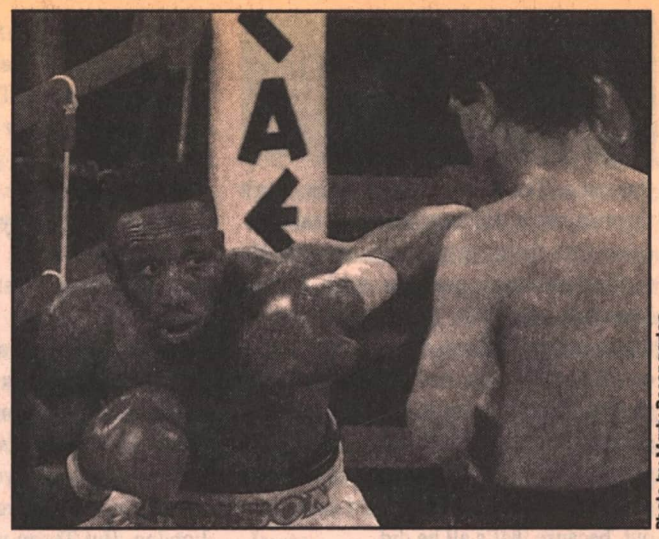

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Jones turned cutie against Canizales

five years younger, but also one who had seemingly slipped even further.

Early on, Jones, 122, Brooklyn, New York, showed flashes of his long-dormant skills. His fast start, however, made ringsiders wonder whether he would evaporate faster than a desert pond. In the third, Canizales, who had been pushing the action as it was, accelerated, and both fighters began showing blatant contempt for defense. Both landed, and both were shaken. The stage was set for the cunning aggressor to overtake the shifty counterpuncher, but it never happened.

Despite seemingly overextending himself, Jones continued to capitalize on his 5½-inch reach advantage. Nimble legs, a solid jab, and a crossing right enabled him to forge a slight lead after seven sessions. Though pressing forward, Canizales, 42-3-1 (31), wasn't able to effectively cut off the ring. Neither did he entrust himself to use his jab, and many a right sailed over the head of his ducking foe. Looking to load up was blinding him to other options; Jones was not about to fall from one punch.

The later rounds saw Jones, 40-2 (25), beginning to employ holding tactics to buy time. It worked. Never able to fully rest, he fought mightily past his fatigue, right through to his second wind. The key was his ability to adapt and follow the instructions of his new corner team (head trainer Tommy Brooks and Lou Duva). In earning the split nod, he both held up and held on.

All three judges were announced as from the USA, but when the card of Ronnie Ralston was read as 119-109 for Canizales, you had to wonder what planet he was from. The two more sensible judges, Larry Hazzard Jr. and Tim Figley, saw it 117-111 and 118-111, respectively, for Jones. THE RING had Jones in front by 116-112.

The referee was Ron Lipton (USA).

"He's the best fighter I ever fought," Jones said of Canizales. "He put so much pressure on me, he made me do things I didn't want to do. But I felt I won nine rounds to three and outpunched him three or four to one."

"I thought I did enough to win," said Canizales. Only Ronnie Ralston agreed.

(3-23-96)

Jack Obermayer ■

Mike Tyson

(Continued from page 37)

the same. The cloak of invincibility isn't there anymore. He hasn't looked that awesome with the guys he's been in with. He missed so many punches with Buster Mathis Jr., and with Bruno he was given the openings to throw his favorite punches—the right to the body followed by the right uppercut. I don't think Bruno was scared, but some little bird in the gym must've told him to hang on to the guy and wrap him up so he could wear him out, because that's all he did.

"Riddick Bowe and Lennox Lewis are the two guys out there. If Tyson disposes of those two guys, I'll say he's back. But I pick both of them to beat him. Strength. Height. Firepower. That's what it takes to beat him."

Lou Duva, manager and trainer of champions: "I think Tyson is just another heavyweight contender. He's just another fighter in the mix right now. It's just that he has the name. If you think about it, Muhammad Ali never really got better after his layoff. He just relied on his experience. Tyson was off for four years. I've always believed fighters are never the same after a long lapse.

"When Tyson was coming up, he was a gorilla. Everybody was afraid of him. When he fought Tyrell Biggs, I thought he was superb. He was an aggressive, hungry fighter that everybody feared. What he's got going for him is that there isn't that kind of fighter around today. There's no Mike Tyson to test him. But he's not something outstanding anymore. His timing's off. You see him missing punches. And he's there to be hit. With Bruno, he fought a statue that night. You just had to look at Bruno's eyes to see he was out of it.

"Also, the drive is not the same. Tyson may be going through the motions and going to the gym because he's an athlete, but all the turmoil in his personal and boxing lives has to take effect. Now he's dealing with lawyers and accountants and being a father. These weren't concerns before.

"And remember, Tyson doesn't have the intimidation factor anymore. Bowe and Lewis are the top two guys, and I think they both beat Tyson. If they hit him, Tyson goes. That's not to say, of course, that if Tyson hits them, they don't go, too. Hell, if my guy, David Tua, hits Tyson with the same hook he knocked out Johnny Ruiz with, Tyson goes, too.

"Fans expect the old Tyson to appear one night, but it's just not gonna happen."

Bonecrusher Smith, former WBA heavyweight champion who was dethroned by Tyson in 1987: "It's hard to tell where Tyson's at because he really hasn't been tested yet. Frank Bruno was scared; he's a different fighter outside of London. But Tyson was very focused and properly conditioned, and Bruno would've gotten knocked out even if he had put up a fight. Riddick Bowe would be a good test because he wouldn't be scared of Tyson.

"I don't think Tyson can be the same as he was before. It's hard to take four years off. It has to take some kind of effect. But Bruno was the toughest of the three world champions, and by the time Tyson fights his fourth or fifth fight, he could be back. The thing is, guys now know Tyson can be stopped, and *he* knows he can be stopped. And boxing is 90 percent mental."

Steve Lott, former Tyson assistant manager and roommate: "Inside the ring, Mike's doing superbly. He's really getting close to where he was. He isn't there yet, but the competition hasn't been that good. Now that Mike has the title, he'll be more relaxed. He's punching very hard, of course. And he looks like he's 235, 240 [pounds] between fights. With a month of training—*boom!*—he's 220. In '89 and '90, he was getting too heavy between fights.

"Outside the ring is just as important because Mike is under a microscope. Despite what you may hear, Mike is very cognizant of what's said and written about him. He reads the newspapers and studies the press. The only thing I can't figure out is why he doesn't represent himself in the best light. It must be that he's being prompted.

"When Mike said he was underpaid [after the Bruno fight] ... The number-one thing a fighter or manager should never do is negotiate in the press. And that goes for whether you're overpaid or underpaid. When he said he wasn't being treated properly, that *they're* not paying enough money. It's Don [King]. For Mike to say *they* makes him sound like a coward.

"Being smart is part of boxing. Cus [D'Amato] always taught Mike that. No one knows more about the history of boxing than Mike, but he needs someone to counsel him about the business of boxing. Don would never sit down with Mike, and the reason is obvious: He doesn't want Mike to know where the money's going. Mike has [co-managers] Rory [Holloway] and John [Horne], but in my opinion, they work for Don.

"Obviously, Mike has matured. I think the three years in prison made him introspective. But he has so much evil and negativity around him for 24 hours a day. There's no way some of that doesn't rub off. I can't figure out why he allows that. I look at TV and read the interviews and see the pictures and I look at Mike's eyes. In the photos in 1986, '87, '88, his eyes were sparkling. I don't see any of that now. I think he still has that in him, but the people around him are keeping him in a world he doesn't want to be in."

Phil Berger, author of recently updated and rereleased Tyson biography *Blood Season*: "When I was writing the original *Blood Season*, I woke up one morning and said of Tyson, 'This guy is gonna self-destruct.' I wrote that he would die or be arrested before his time, and it came to pass. It wasn't a unique observation, of course. At the time, boxing insiders were calling him a time bomb.

"When Tyson came out of prison, I had the sense that the press and public were very disposed to bending over backwards to welcome him back. What they got in return was a surliness and overall guardedness. Tyson's come out and said he's not happy and he's always looking over his shoulder. He's a man without a compass. He's a guy who's struggling to find out who he is, and he's sometimes overwhelmed by what's happening to him.

"I don't wish him badly, but I feel that his dying or being arrested before his time is still a working hypothesis. His is a messy, unhappy life. The vibes he's sending out—there's going to be an unhappy ending to all this." ■

Gatti-Rodriguez

(Continued from page 39)

down was not the first of Gatti's career. In his only career loss, he had been floored by King Solomon in 1992.)

Getting the stuffing knocked out of him seemed to inspire the champion, and Gatti answered the bell for round three like a wildman. Punching widely but also effectively, he zeroed in on Rodriguez' midsection. With blatant disregard for where his gloved missiles would touch down, he thrust himself forward in a sort of do-or-die brain-lock.

Rounds three and four were appreciated to such an extent that even some of those in press row were on their feet. In the third, Rodriguez, 43-8-3 (24), scored with a big hook in a frantic trade of powerpunches, then Gatti responded with two thudding counter rights. Later in the round, Gatti gained control and forced Rodriguez to retreat. His momentum didn't last for more than a few seconds, but it was that kind of fight. After Gatti, 25-1 (21), finished his round's work with a hammer of a hook, Rodriguez answered with a counter right, and then closed with a three-punch combination.

During the rest period, cutman Joe Souza, freshly signed for this bout, proved invaluable. Gatti's right eye, swollen and purple, was now more of a problem than his right. The ringside doctor gave Gatti the old How-Many-Fingers? test, and the champion passed.

"The factor was not the eye, as far as I was concerned," said referee Wayne Kelly (USA). "Looking in his eyes, they looked okay. I've worked his bouts before [including the Patterson fight], and I know his resiliency. I had to give him more time in such an important fight."

As for Gatti, a stoppage due to his cuts didn't seem a concern. "I was ready for a war," he said. "Getting off the floor kind of woke me up. I had been head-hunting too much, so I listened to my corner and went downstairs. Once I hurt him there, I knew I had him, but he was tough."

Gatti opened the fourth by snapping back Rodriguez' head with a counter right and reintroducing his body attack. With 50 seconds left, however, the challenger reminded Gatti he was still in the fight by connecting with a four-punch combination and a one-two. With 25 seconds remaining, Gatti, again plainly vulnerable, backed to a corner. But as if on cue, he exploded with punches over the last 10 seconds, then returned to his corner, stumbling all the way.

A few of Gatti's bodypunches strayed below the Mason-Dixon line, and midway through the fifth, he was penalized a point. But that didn't discourage him; with 35 seconds to go, the champion dug a hook to the rib area, dropping Rodriguez to his knees. There would be no additional changes in momentum.

Gatti fired up the punch-blender to puree in the sixth, and Rodriguez remained in obvious distress. The challenger's only hope was that one of his now-feeble one-twos would cut open Gatti's stuffed right eye. That didn't happen. Instead, Gatti continued his frantic attack. Two minutes into the round, he further weakened Rodriguez with a right to the body-right uppercut-left hook combination, then beat him to the trigger with a hook to the chin. Rodriguez crashed and never came close to beating the count. The time of the kayo was 2:16 of the round.

The judges were Manuel DeCases, George Colon, and John Poturaj, all from the USA.

"I was very surprised he came back the way he did," Rodriguez, who broke his right hand at some point during the bout, said through an interpreter. "But he hit me below the belt at least six times."

Should the canonization of St. Arturo begin? Not so fast. He's a pip to watch, all right, but that's like saying you like to check out auto racing for the smash-ups. Bumps and bruises are one thing, but to avoid the potentially disastrous far-turn wallbanger, Gatti will have to adjust the linkage and put less pedal to the metal as he gears up. Sometimes less is more.

Right now, Gatti is enjoying his status. His home city of Montreal has besieged him for interviews, and his next fight might be there. He was a corporate guest of All-Sport, the sports drink he endorses, at the NCAA Final Four. Let the good life heal the wounds.

HBO wants him back. Will the money entice Gatti back into the ring too soon? "Not at all," said manager Pat Lynch. "He'll take some time off, maybe come back in July, but it won't be against Patterson. Not now, anyway."

Being a media darling can work against you. Gatti has to be careful how he handles his stardom. It's a chosen few who manage to sidestep the pitfalls. He's not to forget: Ease up on the outside offers, go to bed early, and do your pushups. And most of all, don't feel obliged to go into every fight like a pit bull on speed. Coast a little and you'll learn a lot.

Remember, being called "champ" feels a lot better if you still are one. ■

Jack Obermayer, a 25-year veteran of press row, is based in Clementon, New Jersey.

Women's Boxing

(Continued from page 42)

the public. Davis' career came to an abrupt halt in June '78 when Connie Smith knocked her out, but by then the damage had been done, and women's boxing, tainted by the unsavory aura surrounding its best-know competitor, slid into another decline.

The amateur side of women's boxing doesn't go back as far as the pro game, but has shared many of the same tribulations. In the late-'60s, Doyle Weaver, a piano and organ teacher from Duncanville, Texas, founded the Missy Junior Gloves. At its peak in '69, MJG boasted more than 300 participants, but in July of that year, the club was kicked out of its headquarters at the Dallas Salvation Army gym.

"A bunch of small men decided they didn't like what these girls were doing," said a bitter Phil Shirely, one of the volunteers who assisted Weaver with the popular all-girls boxing program.

More recently, Dallas Malloy sued USA Boxing, the body that governs amateur boxing in America, when it refused to send her a tournament application. The American Civil Liberties Union got involved, and in October '93, U.S. District Judge Barbara Rothstein granted a preliminary injunction allowing Malloy to box. With the courts firmly in their corner, more women took up amateur boxing, and in the '95 New York Golden

Gloves there were 30 women among the 650 competitors.

Public acceptance is not the only problem that has plagued the sport. Because of the relatively small number of participants, it's tough for women to get fights. And when they do, promoters are seldom willing to pay more than $75 to $100 per round. However, the pool of talent has enlarged considerably in recent years, thanks to an influx of women crossing over from the martial arts.

"People accepted women in the martial arts as a matter of course because they looked at it from a different point of view. They saw it as a fitness and self-defense thing," said Finn. "But a lot of the girls have switched to traditional boxing because of the leg and knee injuries, which can be devastating in kickboxing."

The woman in the forefront of the current comeback is undoubtedly Martin. Until signing with Don King in '93, she was just another obscure woman boxer scrounging for fights on the tank town circuit. At first, King used "The Coal Miner's Daughter" as a bottom-of-the-bill fighter on his marathon cards. But when she started stealing practically every show she fought on, the promoter began to give her more of a push. Now, due to her TV appearances, Martin, who is ranked second at 135 pounds by the WIBF, is probably the most famous female boxer of all-time. Even so, she's still only earning around $10,000 per fight.

"I don't care what people say about him, King is the greatest promoter in the world," said Finn. "He knows marketing and he knows show business. He recognizes talent when he sees it, and Christie is a talented fighter. I wish all the big promoters—the Duvas, Bob Arum, Cedric Kushner—would give women's boxing a fair opportunity."

Despite all the publicity Martin's been getting lately (she was featured on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* in April), Martin is far from the only gifted performer on the scene. Super lightweight Lucia Rijkers, of Holland, might be the pound-for-pound best, but just like in men's boxing, that sort of opinion is highly subjective. Also among the very best are Mexican lightweight Laura Serrano and American super flyweight Yvonne Trevino. Many observers felt that Serrano was unlucky to get only a draw when she fought Martin in May '94, and a rematch between the pair is much anticipated.

Trevino, a former kickboxer, was one of four fighters featured (the other three were men) is a documentary entitled *Boxing: A Different Look* that Showtime aired directly after the rebroadcast of Tyson-Bruno II. Footage of her blood-and-guts TKO over Germany's Regina Halmich clearly demonstrated Trevino's fighting prowess, but it was the shots of her outside of the ring that were the real eye-opener. Trevino, the single mother of an eight-year-old daughter, has been scouted by *Playboy* for a photo layout.

"Boxers are like any other sort of entertainer: They have to be marketed," said Trevino, who moonlights as a heavy equipment operator and construction worker. "At first I didn't think much about my looks, but if they help my career—great."

While the old Tugboat Annie stereotype isn't completely a thing of the past, a significant number of today's top women present a distinctly feminine image. Sex sells in boxing, just like everywhere else.

"No question," said Finn. "Look at Oscar De La Hoya. He's a good-looking guy, and that's why he's one of the few boxers doing ads on TV. It should be the same for the girls. No more. No less. It's not about frilly nickers or who has the shortest skirt. People should appreciate the girls for their whole being."

Of course, all it takes is a couple of well-placed left hooks to rearrange facial features and erase any chance of attracting endorsement dollars. And even though most of the women seem to fight with total abandon, that doesn't mean they're not worried about disfigurement. Martin admits that as soon as she's alone in the dressing room after a fight, the first thing she does is rush to the mirror. The kind of damage a gloved fist can do to a pretty face is no joke.

"It's not a fear, but it's in the back of my mind," said Trevino. "I worry more about it happening in the gym. I spar with men most of the time, and they don't hold back or baby me."

Bent noses and scar tissue are not the only misgivings associated with women's boxing. In the past, many have objected on medical grounds, suggesting that the female physique simply isn't robust enough to withstand the rigors of the ring. The medical community has no such hangups. According to a medical commission on female boxing quoted in a WIBF press release, "There is absolutely nothing of value to suggest that punches or blows to the chest would cause increased incidents of breast cancer ... [and that] in the absence of pregnancy the women's uterus is so deeply buried within the pelvic bone that it is thought to be safe and sheltered from punches to the abdomen."

According to Marc Ratner, the executive director of Nevada's athletic commission, the rules in the state concerning women's boxing were written 30 years ago, and call for the fighters to wear a "breast plate."

"We don't enforce the rule because we don't even really know what a breast plate is," said Ratner. "Most of the girls wear a sports bra or some sort of binding. We do have them sign a release saying that they are not pregnant."

Some concessions have been made in deference to sex. In most women's bouts, rounds are two minutes instead of three.

The WIBF has also made some practical changes in the weight classifications. For example, all women over 170 pounds are considered heavyweights.

So what does the future hold for women's boxing? Has the time finally arrived for it to break out of the novelty mode and into the mainstream?

"I don't think there's a chance it will ever be on equal footing with the men's game from a financial point of view," said Finn, who, along with Buttrick and their partner, Jurgen Lutz, has invested approximately $100,000 in the WIBF. "But it has the potential to be really big. We have built a database of almost 1,000 female competitors from 20 countries, and it's growing all the time. There are currently 10 European countries that allow women to box, and I fully expect European Boxing Union approval for the whole of Europe this year."

Laws such as the Equal Rights Amendment have already given the women's side of the game a foot-up in America.

"Sports has always been a emancipator, helping black and other minorities," said Finn. "Now it's the turn of women boxers."

Eric Sallie, who trains and manages Trevino, believes the real money lies in endorsements and other spin-off deals. Trevino is already slated to star in a low-budget movie intended for the Hispanic market. But there's also been a downside to the exposure Trevino received on Showtime.

"It's been a double-edged sword," said Sallie. "Requests for interviews and marketing deals have increased tremendously, but since the documentary aired, I've had seven different opponents pull out of fights with Yvonne. I guess they saw the way she looked against Regina and had second thoughts."

So far, the general public has only seen glimpses of what women's boxing has to offer. Whether or not greater exposure will lead to increased interest remains to be seen. But it's safe to say that the appetite has been whetted. A lot of boxing fans, jaded by one-sided hero-vs.-opponent fare in men's boxing, are genuinely appreciative of the rousing competition the women provide. Value for money never goes out of style.

We are living in an age when cultural taboos are being broken every day, and if women's boxing ever has a chance of emerging from its subculture status, now is the time. The consumers will make the ultimate judgment, and that's fine with the women. All they've ever asked is a chance to show what they can do. ■

Joe Frazier

(Continued from page 23)

ter life depended on his whupping Mathis. I can remember that a few weeks before the fight, just to mess with Mathis' mind, Frazier's manager/trainer, Yank Durham, sent Buster a tiny wooden toy figurine of a devil. The object had a button you pressed that ejected a tiny placard with this message: Go to hell.

When Buster got it, he figured it was from Frazier. Up in Rhinebeck, he showed it to me and said, "Joe, he have a simple sense of humor. Imagine him giving me this thing. He's liable to get me mad. But you can tell him this for me. I got a nice gift for him"—the clenched fist rising predictably.

When Buster's words, and his gesture, were relayed to Frazier, he told me, "Buster say that? Shoot. He don't know no better. All this talk, you can be sure of only one thing. Once the bell ring, he gonna run like a thief."

He wasn't far wrong. Mathis was a moving target, and Joe was Smokin' Joe, a bobbing torpedo ever advancing while looking for a body to put a hurt on. He won the abridged heavyweight title that night by knocking out Mathis in 11 rounds.

As Frazier's career blossomed, I observed from afar, watching his fights on closed-circuit and, when they aired, on free TV. I admired the spirit he brought to the ring—that warrior's pride and the transparent delight he took in these combats—against Mathis, thrice against Ali, against the Quarrys, Bonavenas, and Jimmy Ellises of that time.

By the late-'70s and early-'80s, I was still doing the occasional freelance piece on boxing, and sometimes those assignments landed me in the North Philadelphia gym that Frazier, retired by then, had bought from Cloverlay. The gym in those days was a bustling joint, with limousines parked out front and big-name guys like Leon and Michael Spinks, Tex Cobb, and Pinklon Thomas working out. Frazier also sponsored an amateur team that would come to include Meldrick Taylor, Tyrell Biggs, James Shuler, and, eventually, Son of Smokin', Marvis Frazier. Joe had an office up a short flight of steps that offered a panoramic view of the gym floor below. Every so often, we'd nod and say hello.

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It was when Marvis fought Mike Tyson in July 1986 that Joe and I again spoke at length. By then I was the boxing writer for *The New York Times*, at the beginning of a seven-year stint (1985-'92) for the paper of record. At the time there were fight guys who accused Joe of trying to make over Marvis in his own image. Frazier denied that. As I wrote at the time:

"Under Smokin' Joe, the style changed. As Marvis tells it: 'The only thing Pop added was my standing my ground a little firmer. Rather than my being so defensive, a little more offense was added.' That 'little more offense,' which in Marvis' account sounded rather like a quarter-turn of the wrench in a subtle mechanical refinement, has struck others as radical retooling—a change of psyche, and outlook ...

"Talk to Joe Frazier about how he has influenced his son's style and he will deny molding him into his own image. 'You can't make guys like yourself,' he said. But in the next breath he will say, 'Sure, you have to move around the ring, but when you jump in a guy's face, you got to get the job done.'"

With Joe managing and training him, Marvis earned more than $1-million in purses, retired, and began helping Pop, as he called him, with the myriad details of Frazier's business. By the '90s, that business was built on the importance of being Joe Frazier—card shows, personal appearances, endorsements, and, by late-'95, the autobiography that put Smokin' Joe back in touch with me.

Smokin' Joe has shaken up folks for the candor with which he speaks all these years later about Muhammad Ali, whom Joe still calls Cassius Clay. These days Ali, Parkinson's Syndrome having reduced him to slo-motion, is a revered public figure. But the Ali that Frazier experienced was "The Louisville Lip," quick on the draw and increasingly esteemed by the public. That Ali depicted Frazier as slow-witted, an Uncle Tom, a walking punching bag, a gorilla. That Joe Fray-zuh, as Ali would pronounce it, was a pawn of the white folks—*their* champion.

Twenty-five years after "The Fight," as their first bout was called, Joe Fray-zuh neither forgives nor forgets. As he says in *Smokin' Joe:*

What a joke. If I did any Tomming, it was for Clay before his reinstatement. Whenever he phoned up and had an idea to create a little noise in public, I'd go along with it, figuring it'd help him. He had a family that he needed to provide for. The publicity that the two of us whipped up would keep his face before the public and, I thought, help in the different ventures he was fooling with—the lectures, and so on. While I might have been against his politics, I felt he deserved a chance to make a living ...

Point is: Joe Frazier didn't turn his back on Cassius Clay when practically everyone else did. And for that the scambooger insulted me in a way most calculated to hurt—by picturing me as a pawn of the white folks, a shuffling, woolly-headed nigger. To me that was not only a low blow—it was a perfect example of Clay's nature ...

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All that about his being the shining knight to black folks was a crock. All that was to turn people against me. People in the ghetto thought Clay would help them with their economic problems. But this man didn't care 'bout anything but Cassius.

What did he know about hard times? Shooting his mouth off—he was an authority at that. But hard times? He never had to do real work growing up in Louisville. Spent his summers on a white millionaire's estate, training for the amateurs and occasionally scooping the leaves out of massah's swimming pool. And later as a pro, everything was greased for his success. He had a white man in the corner and those rich plantation people to fund him. A white lawyer kept him out of jail. And he's going to Uncle Tom me.

These days that kind of talk is regarded as sacrilege, particularly by the media, who, from Frazier's point of view, created Ali as an anti-establishment figure. Even before the autobiography landed in the bookstores, Frazier was being assailed by critics. *USA Today* said his remarks seemed "particularly cruel," and word was passed that certain prominent scribes—liberal-leaning Ali idolaters—were unhappy with me for aiding and abetting Frazier with the book.

Point is, it's not politically correct to assail Muhammad's saintly figure these days. I suspect that by the time you read this, the book will be drawing even more intensified heat. *How dare he? Who does he think he is?* And so on.

Well, if anybody has the right to offer a contrary view on Muhammad Ali, I dare say it's Joe Frazier. For what Ali said about him back then was down and dirty, and gratuitously so. As Frazier points out in *Smokin' Joe,* he and Ali fought for guaranteed purses ($2.5-million apiece) back in 1971, so Ali didn't mess with him solely to pump up the closed-circuit market. It was Ali's ego.

Joe knew that telling it like it was about Ali and him would make waves. He knew because I told him so. More than once. But Joe was committed to stating what the real deal was rather than creating another sports myth. Back when Ali was calling Frazier an Uncle Tom, the press that now rails against Smokin' Joe's version of events mostly let Ali slide. There were a couple of scribes, Dick Young and Jimmy Cannon, who pointed out how Ali was exploiting race while demeaning Frazier. But they were in a minority.

Meanwhile, Joe was living with the side effects of being construed as the white folks' champion. His children would come home crying from the taunts of classmates, words cued by what Ali was saying in public. Those words prompted the lunatic fringe to call Frazier's home with death threats that would require police protection for his family and him.

In the black community, even the more rational souls bought the bull. Frazier was booed when introduced at fights, and his integrity was assailed by a magazine called *Black Sports,* whose cover story headline read, "Is Joe Frazier A White Champion In A Black Skin?" The article was written by the magazine's editor, Bryant Gumbel. Yes, *that* Bryant Gumbel.

It was a grotesque irony that Frazier, a prideful black man, would be regarded as anything less.

While we had 10 acres, and two mules, Buck and Jenny, to work them, the land was what country folks called "white dirt"—which is another way of saying it wasn't worth a damn ... So that made life a scramble for survival. And in that part of South Carolina, it meant you worked on the white man's land for a day's wages. Momma had done it since she was a girl of five. For 50 cents a day, she'd work from sunup to sunset pulling radishes, cutting cabbage, and digging potatoes for a white man named Trask.

As his mother and father had, so did Smokin' Joe go into those fields to help his family scratch out a living. I drove down to Beaufort with Frazier this past September. As we neared his birthplace, I remember his repeatedly saying, "I hate the South." And I remember him mimicking the way white folks talked to the blacks of his youthful past—that edge of condescension they figured Joe and his kind didn't really hear.

Being black in Beaufort was no bargain. Read the book. The details are all there. Anecdote after anecdote. Take my word: Joe Frazier stood up for Joe Frazier way back then. He knows where he's been and how hard the road out was.

Yeah, maybe you'd like it better these 25 years after Ali and Frazier began creat-

(Continued on page 58)

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Joe Frazier

(Continued from page 57)

ing boxing history to see them as graying friends, stoking up on the good old days. But guess what. You're not Joe Frazier. And stubborn and prideful as he may be, I say he's entitled to tell his story his way. Straight ahead, and no frills. Just like the way he fought. ■

Roberto Duran

(Continued from page 27)

strategist. He worked with a lot of great fighters, but he really didn't teach me that much. When he came along, I already knew how to fight. I was undefeated and had beaten some good fighters. I was good, but Ray and Freddie Brown made me better. Freddie was my teacher. He was with me throughout training for a fight. Ray came in a week or two before a fight and planned strategy."

KO 13 Ken Buchanan, June 26, 1972, New York, New York (Wins WBA Lightweight Title): "I was very excited in this fight and was determined to win. Buchanan complained afterward that I was a dirty fighter, that I had hit him with a low blow. But I dominated the fight. I landed so many blows. And I was hitting him with hard punches. So he was just looking for an excuse. He had the protector on. He quit because he couldn't take my punches anymore."

Photo of a poster advertising a bout vs. lightweight great Carlos Ortiz: "The fight never happened, but I would have beaten Carlos Ortiz. Easily. Buchanan knocked him out. Buchanan was a boxer, not a puncher. So how could Ortiz have beaten me? I would have destroyed him. It would have been an easy fight for me."

L 10 Esteban DeJesus, November 17, 1972, New York, New York (Non-Title Bout): "DeJesus was a very good fighter. I didn't train that hard for him. I had two easy fights before DeJesus and thought he was going to be easy. I remember he knocked me down. I was able to land some good punches, but I never found a good rhythm. Losing hurt me a lot. But it made me more dedicated."

KO 11 Esteban DeJesus, March 16, 1974, Panama City, Panama (Retains WBA Lightweight Title): "I was much more dedicated for the second fight. I felt that I was better than him, and I wanted to reverse the loss. He knocked me down again, in the first round, with the same punch, a left hook. This time when I was knocked down, I wasn't concerned because I had trained so hard. The fight was in Panama City, and I would not allow myself to lose in front of my countrymen."

KO 14 Ray Lampkin, March 2, 1975, Panama City, Panama (Retains WBA Lightweight Title): "I had to lose a lot of weight before that fight, and I wasn't in good shape. I didn't feel strong, so I didn't want to go the distance. I hurt him with a right hook to the body. I sensed that he was hurt. So I faked another right and hit

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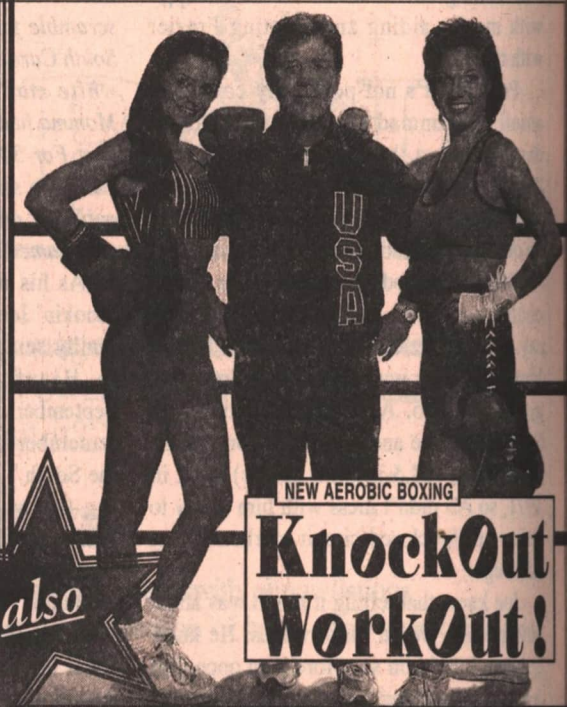

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him with a hard left hook to the chin. When he went down hard, I knew he wasn't getting up.

"I went to see him in the hospital and he was in bad condition. A lot has been made of me saying that he would have gone to the morgue, instead of the hospital, if I had trained properly. I don't remember saying that, but looking back, I guess it's true. If I had been at my best, I probably would have killed him."

KO 14 Lou Bizzarro, May 22, 1976, Erie, Pennsylvania (Retains WBA Lightweight Title): "When I got to Erie, they put me in a Volkswagen and Bizzarro was driven in a Cadillac. I was so angry that they were treating him like the champion. He fought like a coward. All Bizzarro did was run, run, run, then sneak in a punch. His blows had nothing on them. It was very frustrating trying to catch him.

"He was the hometown boy. I knocked him down twice in the 10th round, and the bell rang [30 seconds] early. It made me try harder for the knockout because I felt that if it went to a decision, I would be robbed. When I did catch him, I hit him with very hard punches. When I knocked him out, his brother wanted to come in the ring and fight me."

KO 13 Vilomar Fernandez, January 29, 1977, Miami Beach, Florida (Retains WBA Lightweight Title): "I had bad stomach pain during training for that fight. The fight was in Miami, so I went to see Dr. Ferdie Pacheco. He gave me some pills, then he went and told Vilomar, 'Duran is sick in the stomach, so hit him in the body.' I knew Pacheco had told him that, so I was furious when I got into the ring."

KO 12 Esteban DeJesus, January 21, 1978, Las Vegas, Nevada (Unifies Lightweight Title): "This was one of my best performances. This was to unify the title, and I wanted to win to prove I was the best. He expected me to brawl with him like in the first two fights. But I saw his fight with Kid Pambele [junior welterweight champion Antonio Cervantes]. DeJesus was a good boxer, and Pambele outboxed him. So I knew it would be better for me to box him. Esteban expected me to brawl, but I boxed him and confused him and was in control the entire fight."

Duran posing with a photo of Alexis Arguello: "This fight didn't happen. But there was a lot of talk about it being made when I was the lightweight champion and he was the junior lightweight champion. One time I saw him in a hotel lobby in Las Vegas and went up to him and told him, 'I can't wait to sign the contracts so I can knock you out.' He said nothing because he knew that he couldn't beat me. We had two common opponents, Vilomar Fernandez and Ernesto Marcel, and they both beat him. I knocked out both of them. Arguello knew what would have happened to him. But the fight was never made."

Photo of press conference before W 15 Sugar Ray Leonard, June 20, 1980, Montreal, Quebec (Wins WBC Welterweight Title): "I watched Leonard's first pro fight on television and knew that one day I'd fight him. He was the golden boy, and everyone treated him like a great fighter from the start. He said that he wanted to fight me, but once the contracts were signed, I don't think he knew what was ahead for him.

"I think he would've pulled out of the fight if he could have. In Montreal, doctors examined me and said I had a bad heart. I thought the heart thing was a setup from the Leonard people to cancel the fight. Leonard's spies saw how sharp I was in training and wanted an excuse to call off the fight. But we brought in a heart specialist from Panama. Of course, he said there was nothing wrong with my heart. And Leonard found that out early in the fight."

Photo of Duran and Don King after the first Leonard bout: "King bet me that I couldn't beat Leonard. So I bet him $2,000. I would have knocked out Leonard if I hadn't had a bad back. I had back pains before the fight and went and had X-rays taken. And I still beat him because I was strong as a bull."

KO 8 Davey Moore, June 16, 1983, New York, New York (Wins WBA Junior Middleweight Title): "I knew the Moore fight was going to be easy for me. I

(Continued on page 60)

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Roberto Duran

(Continued from page 59)

couldn't understand that a lot of people thought he was going to beat me. Everybody thought I was finished. Especially the people in Panama. This made me mad.

"A week before the fight I heard that Moore was training in a rubber sweatsuit. So I knew he'd be weak. Once I hurt him, in the second round, I just concentrated on finishing him off. He was unable to hit me, so I just took my time and took him apart.

"I didn't care that Madison Square Garden was sold out or that it was my birthday. Beating Moore would wipe away the second Leonard fight and give me my third world title."

W 12 Iran Barkley, February 24, 1989, Atlantic City, New Jersey (Wins WBC Middleweight Title): "This was my second chance at a fourth world title. My body was stronger for Barkley than it had been for Marvin Hagler. I had grown into the weight class by then. I knew Barkley was a strong guy, so I was going to try and box him. But the ring mat was very soft, so I had to go inside on him.

"Everybody thought he hurt me in the ninth round, but the punch he hit me with didn't really hurt because it landed on the side of my head, not the chin. It was a hard punch; it knocked me off-balance. I got my second wind after that and was able to press him in the late rounds. Nobody expected me to be the stronger fighter late in the fight."

Photo of Sugar Ray Leonard raising Duran's hand after the Davey Moore fight: "I beat the guy [Leonard] that everyone said I couldn't beat. And I'm the only one that beat him when he was young. Hearns, Benitez, and Hagler couldn't beat him. They made a big deal about him winning all those titles. But I'm the only legitimate four-division champion. Leonard got his fourth and fifth titles by fighting Don Lalonde for two titles at once. The super middleweight title was vacant, and Lalonde wasn't a good light heavyweight. And Hearns wasn't the best fighter in all the divisions that he won titles in.

"None of them did what I did. I was the greatest lightweight ever. Then I beat Leonard, who was the best welterweight. For my third world title I beat an undefeated fighter in Moore. And Barkley was the best middleweight when I beat him. I was the best out of all of them." ■

Ed Maloney, a longtime Duran watcher, is a columnist for World Boxing.

Joe Miceli

(Continued from page 29)

replayed on the '60s TV series *The Main Event*, which was hosted by Rocky Marciano. Both combatants were cut. Miceli was dropped in the opening session, and each man was staggered numerous times, with the ringside doctor making several visits to each corner. The end came 18 seconds into the eighth round, with Bratton the winner. It marked the first time Miceli was stopped.

"That fight was a war. He was cut, I was cut. He was staggered, I was staggered. He was a tough, tough guy.

"I came back in that fight. I was bleeding, I was down. But I felt I was winning the fight when they stopped it. They said Johnny Bratton had a weak chin, but that was my problem. I just went in there and tried to knock him out.

"In my next fight, Gil Turner knocked me out. I saw Bratton at the Garden after that and he said, 'After the fight we had, how could you let a guy like that knock you out?'"

•*Paisanos* Miceli and **Joey Giardello** fought to a disputed 10-round draw on May 5, 1952, at the Watres Armory in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Giardello, 21, weighed 153¼, and Miceli, 23, 149½. One judge and the referee had it even (4-4-2), while the other judge favored Giardello by 6-4. However, the referee voted Miceli the winner. It was Giardello who looked the loser; he bled from cuts above both eyes. A year later, Giardello debuted at middleweight. He didn't win the world title until 1961.

"We stood toe-to-toe for 10 rounds. Joey was tough, very tough. When I fought him, he was a nobody. He was still on the way up. But he was based in Philadelphia, and the fight was in Pennsylvania. I was from New York. Actually, I was in the Army then. I was stationed at Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. I'd go to fights on a three-day pass. When I was training, they used to let me go to New York to train, and they didn't care what I did as long as I made reveille at 5 a.m.

"After the fight, he said he won and I said I won. The ref said I won the fight. I thought I won. I had him all cut up. Years later, I was with him and his cornerman, Johnny Sullo. I said, 'Johnny, tell us the truth: Who won that fight in Scranton?' Sullo said, 'Joe Miceli.'

"But Joey was a strong kid. I knew he'd make it."

•Having lost the middleweight title to Sugar Ray Robinson in 1957, **Gene Fullmer** was on the comeback trail. Miceli, 29, was nearly at the end of the road when they fought in Salt Lake City on November 10, 1958. Fullmer scaled 159, and Miceli 153½. Miceli was downed twice in the first round and knocked out by an overhand right 38 seconds into the second. Afterward, the Associated Press quoted him as saying, "I don't remember what hit me. I don't remember going to my corner after the first round." Here is what Miceli remembers:

"Gene Fullmer was a wildman. He just bore into you and tried to wear you out. He was a brute. And very strong. But when you attacked him, he covered up. Then he'd swing his right hand out of nowhere.

"He gave me rabbit punch after rabbit punch. I have the fight film to prove it. [An interesting sidelight: On June 4, 1958, Miceli had gone to Salt Lake City and knocked out Jay Fullmer, Gene's younger brother and a rising welterweight prospect. Gene saw his bout with Miceli as an opportunity for revenge.] He hit me so many times in the back of the head, I was dizzy. My manager didn't do a thing. But that was Utah, what could I do?"

The Best Of The Best

"I fought them all, and I say every one of them was great. But if I had to pick one guy, I'd say Johnny Bratton was the best fighter I fought. They were calling him the second Sugar Ray Robinson, and I can see why.

"He gave me some fight. It was a war. He was tough, and he was also the most talented guy I ever fought." ■

Buster Douglas

(Continued from page 31)

could fold like a deck of cards against Holyfield. There's no reason to believe that for cynical boxing fans, absence has made the heart grow fonder. But if Douglas and his promoters are going to sell a comeback, and the public is going to buy it, the emphasis will have to be on Tokyo and Tyson, and not Las Vegas and Holyfield.

When *Sports Illustrated* ran a May 1993 story, with the memorable quote, "Get a load of me!" playing up a cigar-smoking, behemoth Douglas, the irony was obvious. Hard to find a better word than *load*. Big Bus weighed a fit 231 pounds for Tyson. He scaled 246 and was ill-prepared for the Holyfield debacle. The legacy of his title reign: training for his

(Continued on page 62)

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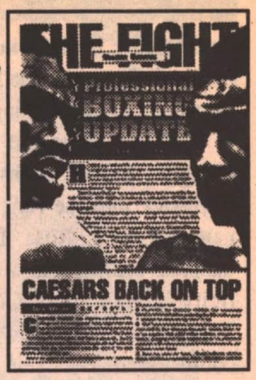

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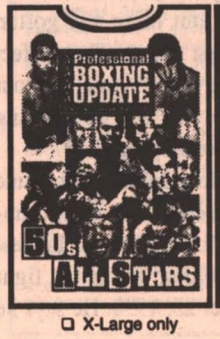

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Buster Douglas

(Continued from page 61)

first defense by ordering pizza while sitting in the sauna at The Mirage. After that, his weight just kept rising and rising.

Now it's falling and falling, but it isn't a mirage. Eleven weeks before he was to step back into the ring to fight someone named Tony LaRosa, Douglas was with the press caravan that was looking for publicity in New York City, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., and any other town it could touch. By itself, Camacho-Duran certainly can't fill the stands. And LaRosa, 25-5 (16), has been knocked out both times he's fought outside of Illinois. As for Douglas, he wasn't exactly svelte. Subtracting the gold on his fingers, wrist, and neck, he was about 30 pounds away from his goal of 228, which he says he will reach at some point this year, even if he has to cut off an arm or a leg to do it. Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

Without question, on this pay-per-view card, he's the attraction.

"Buster's certainly getting a lot of attention," says Bernie Dillon of New Contenders, which is promoting the fight.

When, at the press conference in New York City, Duran yelled obscenities at Camacho, "The Macho Man" cried, and the obligatory shoving match ensued, Big Bus wanted no part of it. He turned his head and walked away. He didn't want to be part of the circus. Sure, he had an obligation to be there, but don't associate him with Camacho, who's a clown, or the 44-year-old Duran, who fights on just for the money. Douglas' return isn't a joke. He's not a clown, and it isn't for the money. And it isn't for Tyson.

***

"How can it be a *fluke* if nobody saw it," Douglas asks a reporter who mentions that five-letter f-word again. "A *fluke* would've been if I had gone out there and gotten [Tyson] out in the first round with a perfect overhand right. You know, something out of the ordinary. No, this was 10 grueling rounds. And hell, I got dropped first!"

Douglas made "Iron Mike" melt in the 10th round, then proceeded to gorge himself in preparation for the second biggest fight of his life. He didn't want to fight Holyfield on October 25, 1990. He says he wasn't ready, that after a summer spent in the courts to decide where his money would go, he needed more time to train and mentally prepare. During the fight, he would've welcomed a visit from Fan Man. "I would've paid him to do it, and I wouldn't have stuck around afterward either," Douglas said.

But nobody felt sorry for a guy who got paid a record $24.1-million for less than three rounds of uninspired work. There were so many questions afterward. *Why didn't he want to fight? What was wrong with him? Why couldn't he be dedicated to the sport that had made him rich? Why couldn't he stay fit? Which was the real Douglas?* But soon after, nobody cared anymore. There were still a few stray phone calls, but Douglas kept changing his number. He wanted no part of boxing.

"I have grown to love boxing," Douglas, 36, says now. "It's different than when I first started. I now have a great appreciation for it. You know, I didn't watch the sport for the first three years [after the Holyfield fight], except sometimes I'd watch the little guys. Boxing, and basically sports, period, was the furthest thing from my mind. I didn't care. I'd be looking at the money and what they had to go through day after day. It's like watching TV. Once you go behind the scenes and see what it's all about, you kind of get a different perspective."

Douglas had been overwhelmed at being the heavyweight champion of the world, and his overwhelming weight had been only part of it. Suddenly, there had been constant hounding from the media. And, of course, everyone wanted a piece of the monetary pie. Remember, this wasn't someone who had been able to motivate himself in the first place. Douglas had lost to *Mike White*. He hadn't been thought of as even a remote threat to Tyson, as the 42-1 odds suggested, and he wasn't supposed to beat Holyfield either.

Douglas just wanted the whole damn thing to be over with. It was almost as if the greatest moment of his life had turned out to be the worst, too. Early in the third round of the Holyfield fight, he was downed by a right cross and it was over. Many thought Douglas could have gotten up. Five years later, he says he doesn't know. Maybe that's why people are skeptical about his return. And if they're not, they should be. People will watch because they're curious, but will anybody ever trust Douglas again?

"It's not a fact that I want people's trust or for them to believe me," he says. "I want to prove it to myself. It's just for me. I just disappeared, got on my Harley and rode into the sunset. I always said after the Holyfield fight that I was never coming back. But just as bad as I felt then, I feel just as good now."

In living the high life, Douglas couldn't control his considerable eating and drinking habits, and his weight nearly cost him his life. In the summer of '94, he fell into a diabetic coma for three days. Doctors told him to lose weight or die. He chose to live. While there are no shortages of health clubs in his adopted hometown of Fort Myers, Florida, Douglas could think only of one way to lose weight and get back in shape. That's the most ironic thing of all: Most fighters come back for the money and end up risking their health. Douglas is coming back *for* his health.

***

"I never cared if he ever fought again, but my goal was to get him back in condition and smiling again," says John Russell, Douglas' longtime friend and handler, and now his trainer. "Now that I got him back in the gym, I can see he still has his tools. He still has a quick jab, can still see the punches coming. Now I'm getting excited about seeing him fighting."

In February 1994, Russell went fishing on Douglas' 42-foot boat, and asked the former champion if he had ever thought of making a comeback. Douglas told him to have another beer. The comeback was born in February '95, when Douglas called his friend and said it was the right time.

Still, Russell says he wouldn't have started working with Douglas again unless the fighter was coming back for the right reasons. Nobody really knows how much money Douglas still has. He says he has plenty. He also says he doesn't even know how much money he'll make for the LaRosa fight, and that it doesn't matter. He has houses and a considerable investment portfolio, and enjoys many luxuries.

LaRosa may not present much of a danger, but who comes after that? Douglas and Russell swear that Tyson is not on their wish list, but a rematch with Holyfield may be. They know that the '96

version of "The Real Deal" has the stamina of a Frank Bruno. When you want revenge, however, you'll take what you can get, and any version of Holyfield will do. The idea is to have two or three fights this year, then step up the competition in '97.

"We don't have a goal to fight Mike Tyson," Russell says. "We don't have a goal to fight Evander Holyfield. We don't have a goal to make lots of money, or to win titles. We're coming back because this guy's coming back from the dead. This is a great human being, and a great human interest story."

Despite the fact that nobody really knows how much ability remains, Douglas, 30-5-1 (20), has instantly become a threat in the moribund heavyweight division. The only reason for that, and the only reason he remains marketable, is because of his biggest win. And nobody will let him forget it.

"Buster coming back is good for the promotion," says Dillon. "It's a good story. We still have memories of Buster beating the s___ out of The Man. I still think he has a lot left."

When Douglas' weight was high, Russell said even he had trouble recognizing him. With his gold dreadlocks and added girth, Douglas could go to the mall and be left alone. In January, he shaved his head again, just like the old days. He says it wasn't meant as a statement that he was back, but it felt good when people started to recognize him again.

Boxing doesn't need Buster Douglas, and although he is returning to the sport that gave him his best and worst times, the fighter really doesn't need the sport either. Douglas is having fun again, not only because he's training for a fight, but because he fits into his old suits and sneakers.

"I've already won," he says proudly. "I don't have to win the title. Been there, done that. I believe I'm going to be successful, but I'm just happy to be here. I'm going to straighten things out and fight the way Buster Douglas can. I don't like the way it ended."

There's no denying Douglas is an attraction. What he has left really isn't the issue. At least not yet. He remains the only fighter to have beaten Tyson, and that's how he's remembered. Problem is, he remembers things just a little differently. ■

Time Capsules

(Continued from page 33)

as often as he held LaBlanche up.

The final moments of that dramatic prize fight long ago are a metaphor of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey's remarkable career, and in particular, of a compassion-driven sensitivity unheard of in a profession where the final objective is "the kill." When he staggered out for round 13, LaBlanche's facial features were unrecognizable. It took all his strength, with the help of the ropes, to remain erect. Dempsey looked pleadingly at referee Prof. O'Neil, as he had done many times before, to stop the fight. And again O'Neil shook his head no, ordering it to continue. With no other option, Dempsey moved directly in front of his helpless victim, simultaneously took a deep breath and very careful aim, and exploded what he surely must have prayed would be a merciful deed, a perfect right cross flush on the chin.

This is how *The Police Gazette's* ringside reporter described what happened next:

"LaBlanche straightened up in the air and then fell flat on his back. He raised his gory head at the count of three, but fell back, exhausted. At the count of six he managed to get to his knees, with his head touching the ground. At eight he was upright, swaying from side to side, staggering blindly around the ring. He couldn't raise his arms from his sides, as he tottered forward toward the champion, but Dempsey refused to hit him. LaBlanche fell into the champion's arms, and when Jack tried to lead him back to his corner, George's legs wouldn't support his body, so the champion gently lifted him into his arms and carried him to his corner. LaBlanche had fainted, and it took his seconds many minutes to bring him around. George was a gruesome sight as he staggered to his dressing room. Dempsey sported a black eye, and his lips and nose were damaged, but he hopped over the ropes and ran lightly to his room after the referee had lifted his hand."

Do you admire The Nonpareil for his unique skills and compassion? Or do you blast him for not having the fire in his belly to deliver the kill?

Personally, I love the guy.

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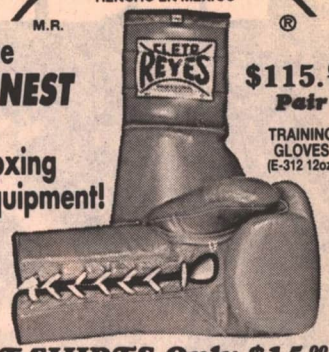

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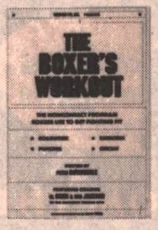

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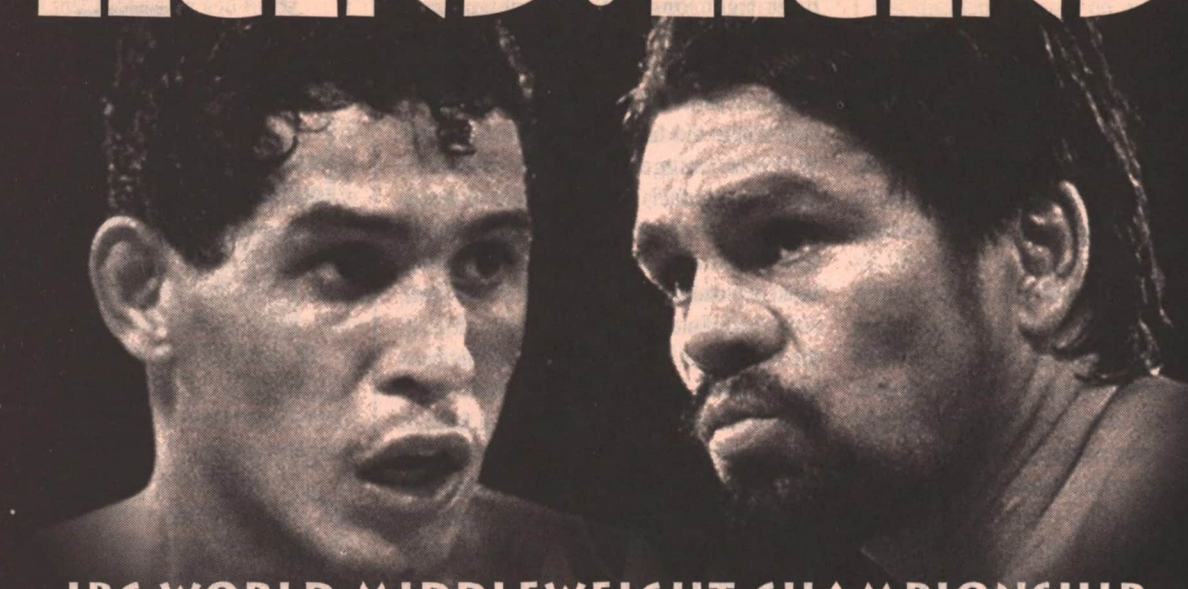

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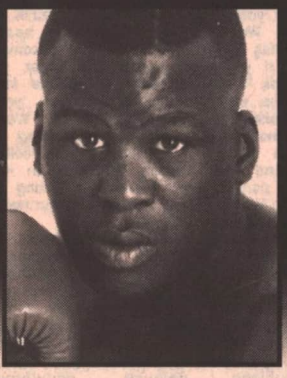

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BOXING COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Don Scott

So *Rocky* is 20. The tradition of boxing movies is, of course, much, much older. And with movies comes, of course, memorabilia.

Boxing movie memorabilia collectors usually focus on posters, lobby cards, and movie stills. The posters come in a variety of sizes, from half-sheets to almost billboard-sized three-sheeters. The three-sheeters are almost seven-feet high by about three-feet wide. Lobby cards, usually 11 x 14, were mounted in glass cases outside the theaters. The stills were often included in promotional material that was sent in press kits or to fans.

Boxing films fall into three categories. There are the *Rocky*-type movies, fictional accounts that star big-name Hollywood actors. You know the great ones: *Golden Boy*, *The Harder They Fall*, *Fat City*, *Raging Bull*, and lots more. These may be found from movie memorabilia dealers. Prices vary according to the graphics, the quality of the film, and rarity. It would be interesting to identify the earliest Hollywood movie about boxing. Any ideas?

The second category: movies of actual fights. These were shown in theaters from the first days of cinema up until the early days of Muhammad Ali's career, when closed-circuit wiped out filmed movie-house showings. Marciano-Walcott was in 3-D. (There are some great posters of that one.) The most prized fight film poster I know of is a great color poster of Jack Johnson-Tommy Burns. That film was banned in most parts of the country. The earliest film of this type is Thomas Edison's showing of Jim Corbett-Peter Courtney. I have seen postcards advertising that film, as well as programs.

The most challenging movie posters are those concerning known fighters. Boxers have starred, or more accurately, stood around, in lots of films. Who can forget Archie Moore in *Huckleberry Finn?* Or Tony Galento in *On The Waterfront?* Or Ken Norton in *Mandingo?* Okay, lots of folks can, but the challenge remains for memorabilia collectors to nail posters or lobby cards picturing boxers in these films.

The earliest I've seen is a still from an early movie short in which Corbett appeared. Jack Dempsey also had an early serial called *Daredevil Jack*. Gene Tunney was in *The Fighting Marine*. How many more can you name? How about a film featuring Jim Jeffries? *Mr. Celebrity*, an early Doris Day film about the race track, starred Jeffries. There's old Jim on the lobby card.

Okay, know of any Jack Johnson movies? While I have never seen a poster or lobby card from the movie, Johnson and some other fighters were in something called *Madison Square Garden*. I have a three-sheet from *Joe Palooka, Champ* that shows both Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis in fight poses. Jimmy McLarnin and Manuel Ortiz had cameos in that picture.

What about Joe Louis? He had starring roles in films such as *The Fight Never Ends*. And Muhammad Ali has had the distinction of playing himself in his own biography, as well as appearing in a documentary and a made-for-TV movie. He also appeared in the opening scene of *Requiem For A Heavyweight* as himself, prior to winning the title. "The Greatest" was always, in his own words, "sooooo pretty." Some of the posters for these movies are awesome.

Rocky, then, has lots of company, and there is a lot to collect. Most items are really nice-looking. By the way, anyone seen a movie lobby card featuring Tommy Morrison? Okay, okay, that one was too easy. ■

Don Scott is editor and publisher of ***Boxing Collectors' News*** *and may be contacted through* THE RING.

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA ratings were compiled as of February 1996, and the WBC and IBF ratings were compiled as of April 1996.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mike Tyson (USA)	C	1	–
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Lennox Lewis (GB)	1	4	6
Henry Akinwande (GB)	2	2	4
Frank Bruno (GB)	3	–	–
Oliver McCall (USA)	4	5	2
Alexandr Zolkin (RUS)	5	8	–
Jeremy Williams (USA)	6	–	–
Larry Donald (USA)	7	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	8	–	–
Andrew Golota (POL)	9	9	8
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	10	–	–
Orlin Norris (USA)	13	3	7
Michael Moorer (USA)	–	6	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	18	7	5
Lionel Butler (USA)	–	10	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	–	1
Corrie Sanders (SA)	11	–	3
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	20	–	9
Obed Sullivan (USA)	24	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	1	2	3
Torsten May (GER)	2	6	2
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	3	5
Akim Tafer (FRA)	4	–	–
Alexei Ilin (RUS)	5	9	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	6	–	8
David Izeqwire (NIG)	7	11	7
William Guthrie (USA)	8	–	–
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	9	4	–
Arthur Williams (USA)	10	–	–
Adolpho Washington (USA)	13	1	1
Brian Laspada (USA)	–	5	12
Zeljko Mavrovic (CRO)	–	7	–
John McClain (USA)	11	8	–
Tony LaRosa (USA)	–	10	–
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	14	–	4
Uriah Grant (USA)	30	–	6
Chris Okoh (GB)	16	–	9
Terry McGroom (USA)	19	–	10

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	1	1	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	2	7	2
Mike McCallum (USA)	3	3	4
Crawford Ashley (GB)	4	–	–
Nicky Piper (GB)	5	–	–
Maurice Core (GB)	6	–	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	7	–	–
Yawe Davis (ITA)	8	–	–
Lincoln Carter (USA)	9	–	–
Eric Lucas (CAN)	10	–	–
Lou Del Valle (USA)	–	2	7
William Guthrie (USA)	–	4	1
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	5	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	6	5
Drake Thadzi (CAN)	–	8	–
Anthony Begini (NZ)	–	9	–
Stefan Anghern (SWI)	–	10	10
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	–	3
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Richard Hall (USA)	25	–	8
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	–	–	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Thulane Malinga (SA)	C	3	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	–	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	2	2	11
Bryant Brannon (USA)	3	4	1
Tim Littles (USA)	4	1	–
Frederic Seiller (FRA)	5	7	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	6	–	–
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	7	–	–
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	8	–	9
Joe Calzaghe (GB)	9	–	–
Willie Quinn (GB)	10	–	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	–	5	–
Henry Wharton (GB)	–	6	7
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	27	8	–
Mike Makata (NZ)	–	9	–
Darren Obah (AUSTRL)	22	10	–
Reginaldo Andrade (BRA)	–	–	2
Jean-Claude M'biye (FRA)	–	–	3
Charles Brewer (USA)	14	–	4
Steve Little (USA)	–	–	5
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	–	–	6
Mark Delaney (GB)	13	–	8
Frank Rhodes (USA)	–	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Holmes (USA)	C	–	–
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	8	9
Quincy Taylor (USA)	2	–	–
Otis Grant (CAN)	3	9	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	4	4	–
John David Jackson (USA)	5	2	2
Julian Jackson (USA)	6	–	–
Silvio Branco (ITA)	7	–	11
Robert Allen (USA)	8	–	3
Robert McCracken (GB)	9	–	4
Roberto Duran (PAN)	10	–	–
William Joppy (USA)	15	1	1
Peter Venancio (BRA)	–	3	–
Reggie Johnson (USA)	12	5	–
Chongmo Kim (KOR)	–	6	–
Joe Lipsey (USA)	–	7	8
Aaron Davis (USA)	13	10	–
Lloyd Bryan (USA)	–	–	5
Alex Rios (USA)	–	–	6
Chris Pyatt (GB)	–	–	7
Juan Viloria (COL)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	C
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	C	–
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	1	5	6
Winky Wright (USA)	2	1	3
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	3	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	4	–	–
Godfrey Nyakana (UGA)	5	8	–
Raul Marquez (USA)	6	–	1
David Ciarlante (ITA)	7	–	–
Adrian Dodson (GB)	8	–	–
Luis Santana (DR)	9	–	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	10	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	–	2	2
Robert McCracken (GB)	–	3	–
Bronco McKart (USA)	–	4	–
Julio Cesar Green (USA)	–	6	–
Johnson Tshuma (SA)	–	7	–
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	16	9	4
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	11	10	–
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	–	5
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	–	7
Darrin Morris (USA)	–	–	8
Rossman Henry (COL)	–	–	9
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	1	4	1
Derrell Coley (USA)	2	5	6
Gary Jacobs (GB)	3	8	3
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	4	6	4
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	5	–	12
Jake Rodriguez (PR)	6	–	–
Ralph Jones (USA)	7	–	–
James Page (USA)	8	–	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	9	2	–
Lonnie Smith (USA)	10	–	–
Oba Carr (USA)	–	1	2
Alejandro Ugueto (VEN)	–	3	–
Sean Sullivan (NZ)	–	7	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	14	9	7
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	22	10	–
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	–	–	5
Maxim Nesterenko (RUS)	27	–	8
Jorge Alvez (ARG)	–	–	9
Ray Lovato (USA)	–	–	10

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	–	–
Juan Coggi (ARG)	–	C	–
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	1	–	–
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	2	1	–
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	3	–	–
David Kamau (USA)	4	4	3
Charles Murray (USA)	5	8	7
Freddie Ladd (USA)	6	–	–
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	7	–	–
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	8	–	–
Jose Barbosa (VEN)	9	5	–
Dingaan Thobela (SA)	10	–	–
Frankie Randall (USA)	–	2	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	–	3	2
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	6	1
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	–	7	–
Ross Hale (GB)	22	9	6
Hiromu Kuwata (JAP)	15	10	–
Pedro Padilla (COL)	–	–	4
Michele Piccirillo (ITA)	12	–	5
Jermal Corbin (USA)	–	–	8
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	–	–	9
Ralph Jones (USA)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Vacant	C	–	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
Phillip Holiday (SA)	–	–	C
Jean Baptist Mendy (FRA)	1	11	4
Steve Johnston (USA)	2	7	7
Lamar Murphy (USA)	3	–	–
Shane Mosley (USA)	4	–	–
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	5	–	–
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	6	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	7	8	12
Ivan Robinson (USA)	8	10	1
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	9	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	10	4	–
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	–	1	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	2	10
Fred Ladd (USA)	–	3	2
Raul H. Balbi (ARG)	–	5	–
Joey Gamache (USA)	–	6	–
Antonio Rivera (PR)	–	9	–
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	3
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	–	–	5
John Lark (USA)	–	–	6
Joel Perez (USA)	–	–	8
Hector Tejeda (ARG)	–	–	9

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	–	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	C
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	1	2	6
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	–	–
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	3	6	–
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	4	–	–
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	5	3	8
Pedro Gutierrez (ARG)	6	–	–
Robert Garcia (USA)	7	–	2
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	8	–	3
Justin Juuko (UGA)	9	–	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	10	7	9
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	1	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	4	–
Edson Suxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	5	–
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	–	8	–
Masuaki Takeda (JAP)	–	9	–
Douglas Villareal (COL)	11	10	11
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	1
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	–	–	4
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	5
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	21	–	7
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	10

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinoza (PHIL)	C	–	–
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	–	C	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Cesar Soto (MEX)	1	–	–
Carlos Rios (ARG)	2	–	–
Manuel Medina (MEX)	3	–	–
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	4	–	–
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	5	–	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	6	4	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	7	7	5
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	8	–	1
Derrick Gainer (USA)	9	9	–
Yong Woon Park (KOR)	10	–	–
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	–	1	8
Cesar Soto (PAN)	–	2	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	–	3	7
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	–	5	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	6	–
Jun Gorres (PHIL)	–	8	–
Victor Polo (COL)	–	10	10
Welcome Ncita (SA)	–	–	2
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	–	3
David Santos (USA)	11	–	4
Jose Badillo (PR)	–	–	6
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	–	–	9

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Erik Morales (MEX)	1	4	–
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	2	–	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	3	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	4	2	6
Bong Chul Kim (KOR)	5	11	–
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	6	–	–
Enrique Jupiter (MEX)	7	–	–
Harold Mestre (COL)	8	–	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	9	–	–
Welcome Ncita (SA)	10	–	–
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	1	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	–	3	–
Junior Jones (USA)	–	5	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	6	9
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	15	7	2
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	–	8	–
Anton Gilmore (SA)	–	9	12
Rafael del Valle (PR)	–	10	–
Pablo Ozuna (COL)	–	–	1
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	3
Daniel Alicer (PR)	–	–	4
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	13	–	5
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	7
Aristead Clayton (USA)	27	–	8
Angel Chacon (PR)	21	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	C	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	1	–	–
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	2	–	–
Sirimongkol Singmanassuk (THAI)	3	–	–
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	4	–	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	5	–	–
In Jin Chi (KOR)	6	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	7	9	4
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	8	–	–
Luigi Camputaro (ITA)	9	–	–
Choresu Cyoe (KOR)	10	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	1	–
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	2	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	3	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	4	–
Veerapol Sahaprom (THAI)	–	5	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	14	6	–
John Armour (GB)	–	7	3
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	23	8	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	–	10	–
Tim Austin (USA)	–	11	1
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	2
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	–	–	5
Torsak Pongsopha (THAI)	–	–	6
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	7
Sergio Reyes (USA)	–	–	8
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	9
Adrian Kaspari (INDO)	24	–	10

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	C	–	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	C	–
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	–	–	C
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	1	8	–
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	2	4	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	3	–	–
Luis Bolano (COL)	4	–	–
Hipolito Saucedo (USA)	5	–	–
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	6	–	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	7	10	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	8	1	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	9	–	–
Qku Yong Zo (KOR)	10	–	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	30	2	–
Danny Romero (USA)	–	5	2
Luis Bolanos Paez (COL)	–	6	–
Jai Chin Lim (KOR)	15	7	–
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	27	9	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	18	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	3
Andy Agosto (PR)	24	–	4
Jose Diaz (USA)	–	–	5
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	23	–	6
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	17	–	7
Polito Saucedo (USA)	–	–	8
Orlando Tobon (COL)	–	–	9
Cesar Singo (EQU)	–	–	10

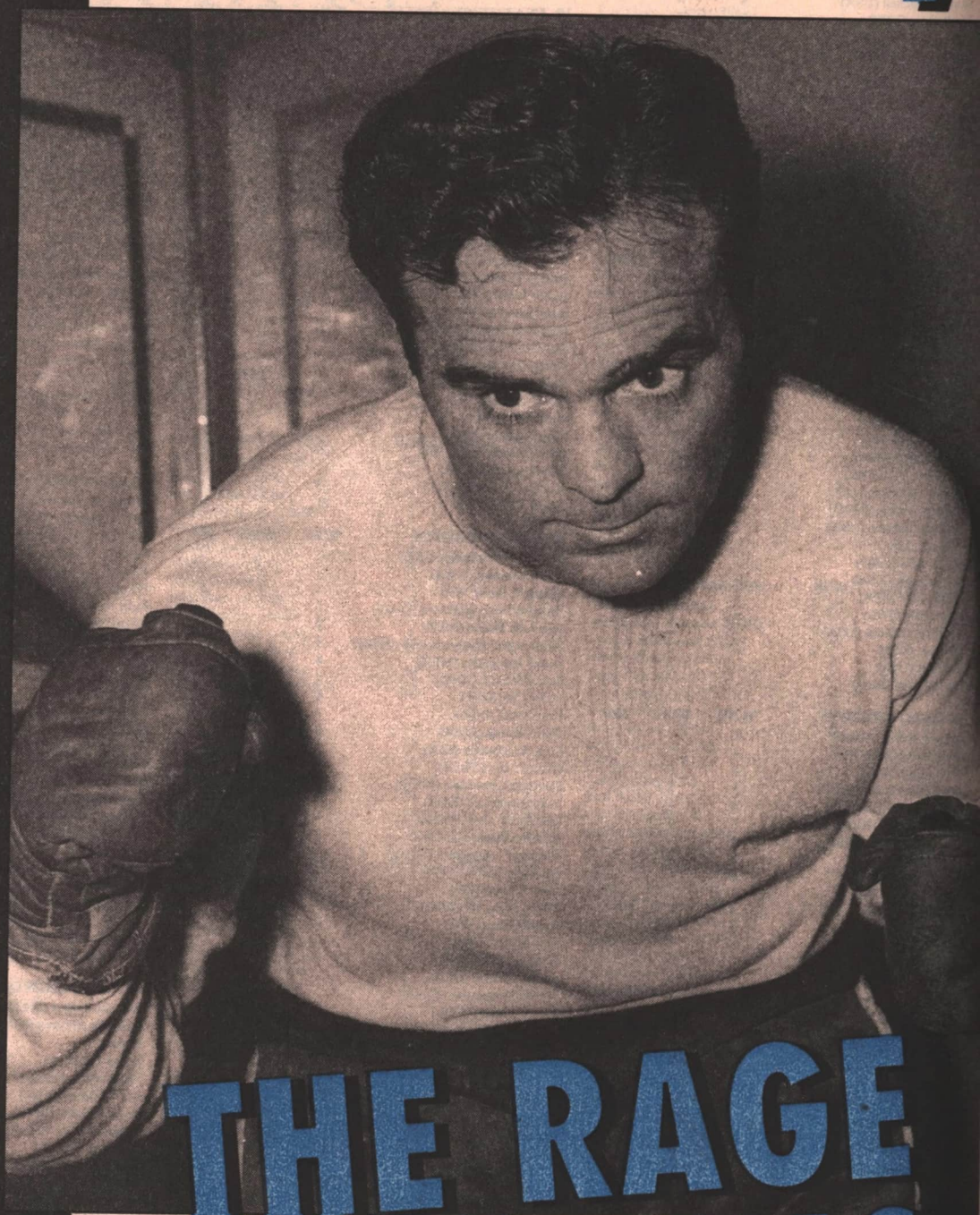
FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	4	11
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	2	–	3
Daniel Ward (SA)	3	2	–
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	4	–	12
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	5	3	–
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	6	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	7	8	–
Salvatore Fanni (ITA)	8	–	–
Chokchai Chokviwat (THAI)	9	–	–
Raul Juarez (MEX)	10	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	1	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	–	5	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	–	6	–
Ledion Ceniza (PHIL)	–	7	–
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	20	9	2
Sung Tae Lim (KOR)	19	10	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	–	11	1
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	–	4
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	12	–	5
Robbie Regan (GB)	–	–	6
Luigi Camputaro (ITA)	–	–	7
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	8
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	–	9
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	10

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	C	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	–	1	C
Chiquita Gonzalez (MEX)	1	–	4
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	2	5	6
Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat (THAI)	3	–	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	4	12	–
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	5	–	12
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	6	–	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	7	–	–
Jesus Chong (MEX)	8	–	–
Ric Magramo (PHIL)	9	–	–
Ali Galvez (CHILE)	10	–	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	2	–
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	–	3	–
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	4	–
Eric Griffin (USA)	11	6	2
Sinn Ploenchit (THAI)	–	7	–
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	–	8	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	–	9	7
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	10	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	–	–	1
P.S. Wonjongkam (THAI)	–	–	3
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	5
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	8
James Wanene (KEN)	–	–	9
Luis Doria (COL)	14	–	10

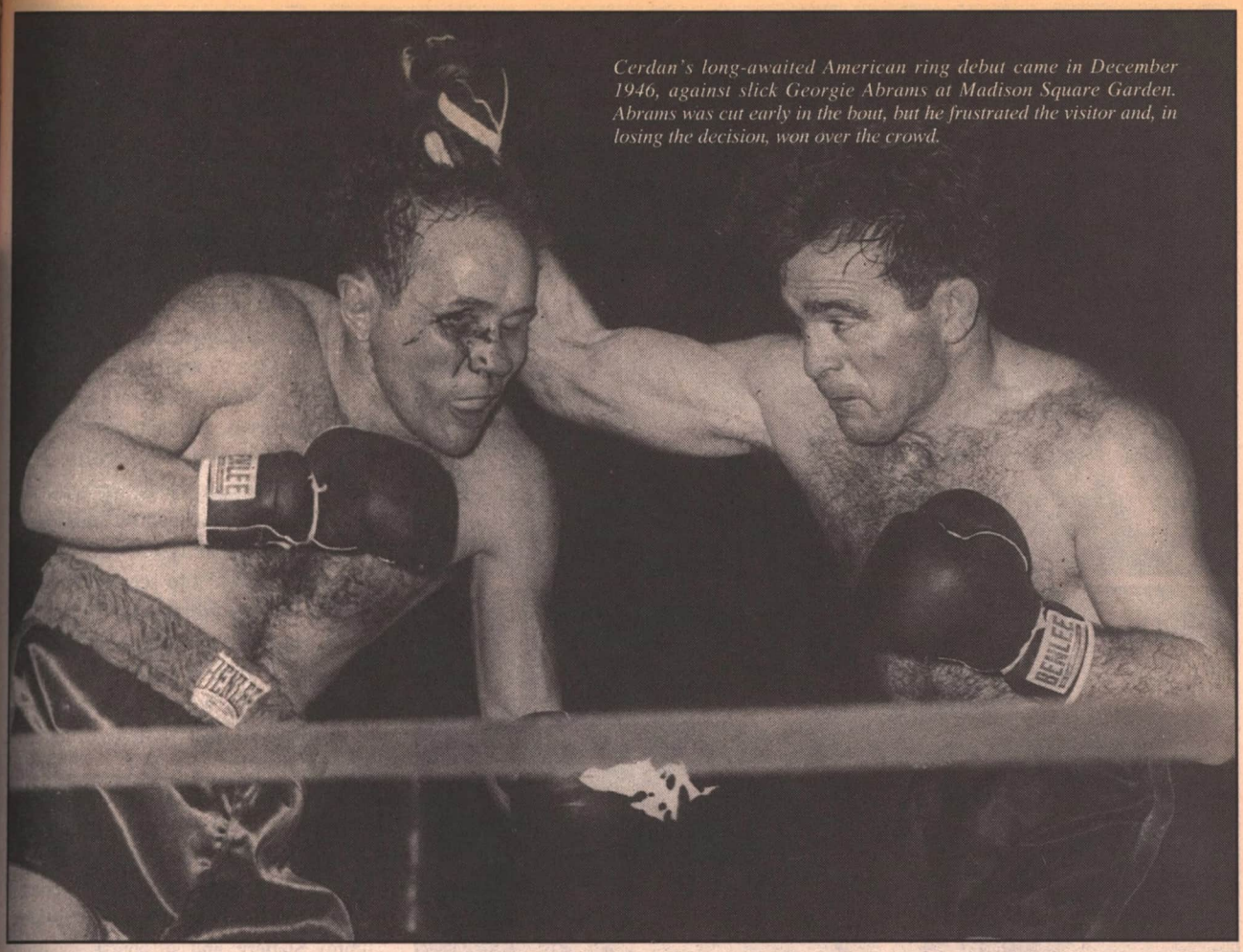
STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Rocky Lin (JAP)	1	4	4
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	2	5	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	3	3	7
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	4	6	–
Pichitnoi Chor Siriwat (THAI)	5	–	–
Kenta Sato (PHIL)	6	–	–
Sinn Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	7	–	–
Hyung Sok Kang (KOR)	8	–	–
Morgan Ndumo (SA)	9	–	–
Surachai Saebcmorakot (THAI)	10	–	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	–	1	5
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	11	2	–
Antonio Perez (MEX)	–	7	9
Eric Chavez (PHIL)	–	8	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	–	9	–
Shinichi Tamaki (JAP)	–	10	2
Ratanapol Voraphin (THAI)	–	–	1
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	12	3
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	27	–	6
Rafael Torres (USA)	–	–	8
Oscar Flores (COL)	–	–	10

RING CLASSIC

CERDAN, THE RAGE OF PARIS



From THE RING, June 1948



Cerdan's long-awaited American ring debut came in December 1946, against slick Georgie Abrams at Madison Square Garden. Abrams was cut early in the bout, but he frustrated the visitor and, in losing the decision, won over the crowd.

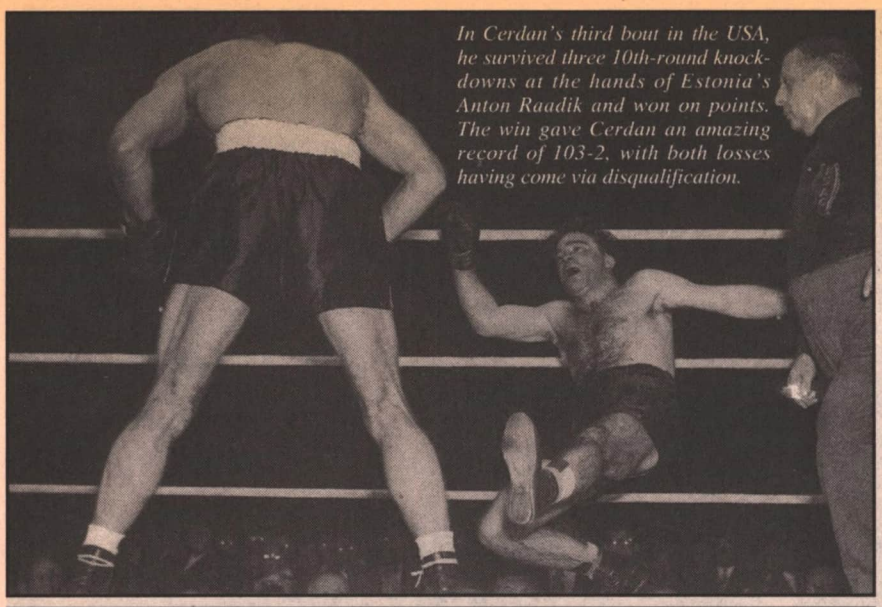
Marcel's Victories In United States Halt Traffic On Champs Elysees

By Ted Carroll

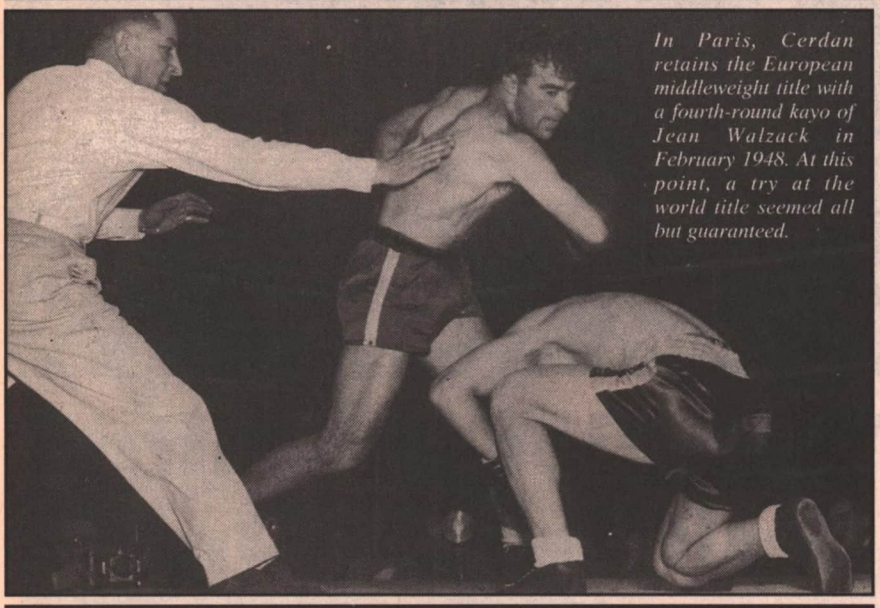
Marcel Cerdan lives in Casablanca, the thriving seaport in Morocco. Ten years ago, this information would have brought forth nothing but a "so what?", but events in the past decade have given this boxer and the city made famous by romantic movies and a momentous World War II conference a glamorous setting in the public mind. Actually, Casablanca, as numerous occupying GI's were to learn, is largely European and modern in atmosphere. It is the metropolis of Morocco, with more than a half-million population and a seething center of commerce and trade. Still, the legend of dark intrigue, plus the combined mystery of Africa and the Orient, is persistently aroused by the name Casablanca.

His North African background certainly doesn't hurt Cerdan's allure, especially since this part of the world played so prominent a part in recent history. A compelling fighter on his merits alone, the black-haired former French marine performs like a fellow who should call some such spot as Casablanca his home.

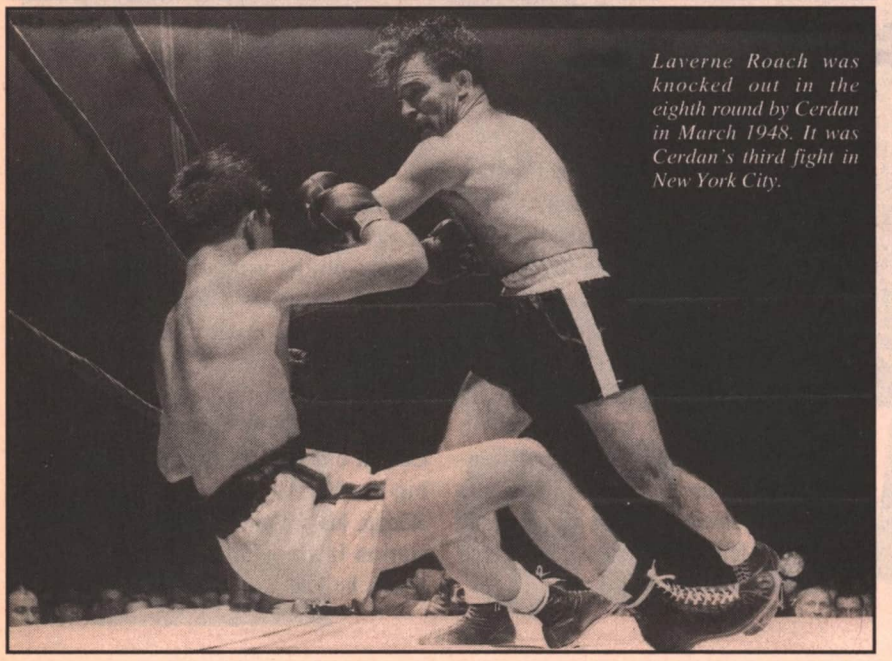
He wasn't born there, but arrived in the city during his childhood, and the roving bands of Arab street gamins who were always on the warpath had much to do with his becoming a fighter. In this connection, Cerdan is one of the few pugilists whom parental pressure, rather than disapproval, forced into the ring. An older brother hadn't been too bad, so Papa Cerdan ordered little Marcel to follow in big brother's footsteps or else. Lucien Roupp, his present manager, owned a gas station in the North African city over which he had a gymnasium, and Cerdan



In Cerdan's third bout in the USA, he survived three 10th-round knockdowns at the hands of Estonia's Anton Raadik and won on points. The win gave Cerdan an amazing record of 103-2, with both losses having come via disqualification.



In Paris, Cerdan retains the European middleweight title with a fourth-round kayo of Jean Walzack in February 1948. At this point, a try at the world title seemed all but guaranteed.



Laverne Roach was knocked out in the eighth round by Cerdan in March 1948. It was Cerdan's third fight in New York City.

eventually showed up there. Roupp ran fights on the side, and that was the beginning of it all.

***

In his early days, Cerdan's athletic prowess wasn't limited to boxing. He was even better at soccer. Indeed, so apt was he at this game, which is the number-one world team sport, he was considered of international ability. This means that he was potentially good enough to play on the picked teams representing the entire country against other nations such as England, Russia, Scotland, etc.

Cerdan's "color" is reflected in the crowds and the money he has attracted in his three Madison Square Garden showings so far. Capacity crowds in the big arena paid $83,859 to see his U.S. debut against Georgie Abrams on December 6, 1946. He went over the hundred grand mark with ordinary Harold Green on March 28, 1947, with $109,320 in the till, then did $80,030 with overmatched Laverne Roach.

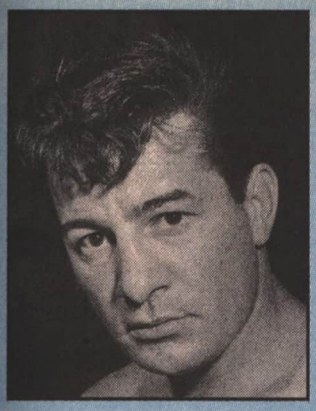
Like some other fistic notables of bygone days, there is a vividness to Cerdan's performances that enhances his ability. Others who possessed this peculiar glow were Kid Chocolate, Ruby Goldstein, Jimmy Slattery, and, of course, the daddy of them all in this respect, Jack Dempsey, who could look sensational just walloping the heavybag.

How great is Marcel? Some enthusiasts call him the best fighter to come out of the continent. There is no denying that he has shown much versatility of style in his American appearances. Against Abrams, he fought aggressively, pursuing the cagey American with Armstrong-like tenacity. With both Green and Roach, he laid back cunningly and finished off both boys with clean shots to the whiskers. He is a great bodypuncher, but packs a kayo wallop when he switches to the head. Various critics mumble disparagingly of the opposition he has faced over here and cast suspicion upon his staying power in the later rounds.

***

Among those high on Cerdan, he has no more able nor astute supporter than Harry Markson, who is fast becoming recognized as the brainiest analyst in boxing today. Mr. Markson, a tough man in any disagreement, pooh-poohs those who are

THE RING RATINGS, *June 1948*



Rocky Graziano

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Joe Louis

1. Joe Walcott
2. Elmer Ray
3. Tommy Gomez
4. Jimmy Bivins
5. Arturo Godoy
6. Sid Peaks
7. Joey Maxim
8. Phil Muscato
9. Lee Savold
10. Joe Baksi

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Gus Lesnevich

1. Ezzard Charles
2. Billy Smith
3. Freddie Mills
4. Archie Moore
5. Lloyd Marshall
6. Dave Sands
7. Billy Fox
8. Billy (Chicken) Thompson
9. Bob Foxworth
10. Nick Barone

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Rocky Graziano

1. Marcel Cerdan
2. Bert Lytell
3. Tony Zale
4. Steve Belloise
5. Jackie Darthard
6. Anton Raadik
7. Major Jones
8. Jose Basora
9. Jake LaMotta
10. Sonny Horne

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ray Robinson

1. Bernard Docusen
2. Gene Burton
3. Ralph Zannelli
4. Buster Tyler
5. Tommy Bell
6. Kid Gavilan
7. Beau Jack
8. Johnny Greco
9. Johnny Cesario
10. Doug Ratford

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ike Williams

1. Enrique Bolanos
2. Rudy Cruz
3. Jesse Flores
4. Johnny Williams
5. Freddie Dawson
6. Maxie Docusen
7. Paddy DeMarco
8. Andre Famechon
9. Terry Young
10. Paulino Montes

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Willie Pep

1. Sandy Saddler
2. Charley Riley
3. Chico Rosa
4. Carlos Chavez
5. Baby Gonzales
6. Ray Famechon
7. Harold Dade
8. Manny Ortega
9. Jackie Graves
10. Miguel Acevedo

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Manuel Ortiz

1. Guido Ferracin
2. Luis Galvani
3. Tirso del Rosario
4. Jackie Paterson
5. Fernando Gagnon
6. David Kui Kong Young
7. Peter Kane
8. Stan Rowan
9. Mickey Mousse
10. Bunty Doran

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Rinty Monaghan

1. Dado Marino
2. Maurice Sandeyron
3. Monito Flores
4. Louis Skena
5. Raoul Degryse
6. Al Chavez
7. Emile Famechon
8. Terry Allen
9. Dickie O'Sullivan
10. Luis Fuentes

always growling, "Who'd he ever lick?" whenever a man comes along. The answer to that silly question is always easy: "Who licks him?" As far as Cerdan goes, the fellow has lost two fights in 14 years, both on fouls! Mr. Markson discloses, "When a fighter beats the best around, that should settle it.

"I heard that stuff so much about [Joe] Louis, it almost drove me crazy. Now it's Cerdan. Nobody can do any more than beat the guys who are thrown in with him, and until I see somebody beat Cerdan over here, I'm willing to go on record as saying he's the best European boxer to come over during my time.

"They talk a lot about Marcel Thil. I know he beat three pretty good American fighters in Gorilla Jones, Lou Brouillard, and Vince Dundee, but in his only fight over here, he was stopped. He was far from disgraced, that's true. It was a cut eye, but still that's all he ever did in America, and don't tell me he was too old

when he got over here, because Cerdan is just about the same age Thil was then!"

***

With the possible exception of our own Jersey Jones, the number-one authority on continental European fighters in this country is Lew Burston. Mr. Burston, World War I doughboy who liked Paris so much, hung around for 20 years or so, rose to a position of eminence in sporting circles in France during his long tenure there. Back in his native New York, Lewis really is entitled to pat himself on the back for the caliber of boxers from overseas he has introduced to American audiences. Pete Sanstol, the little Norwegian fireball; Rene DeVos, the superb Belgian; and Pedro Montanez, a spectacular performer, and Attilio Sabitino, the gentlemanly Puerto Rican, who gave American fight fans more than their money's worth every time they answered the gong.

On the subject of Cerdan's hold on the French public, Burston is particularly vocal. "Every time he fights over here, loudspeakers bellow the round-by-round results from buildings all over Paris!" exuberates Lew. "The boulevards are black with people. The newspaper headlines are like an election over here. Jo Longman's night club, Les Ambassadeurs, is like the subway at rush hour the night he fights. It's on the Champs Elysees, and funny, it hurts business because the crowd is so dense, the waiters can't get through to serve the customers. But Jo doesn't care because when Marcel wins, a celebration breaks out that's like the armistice."

***

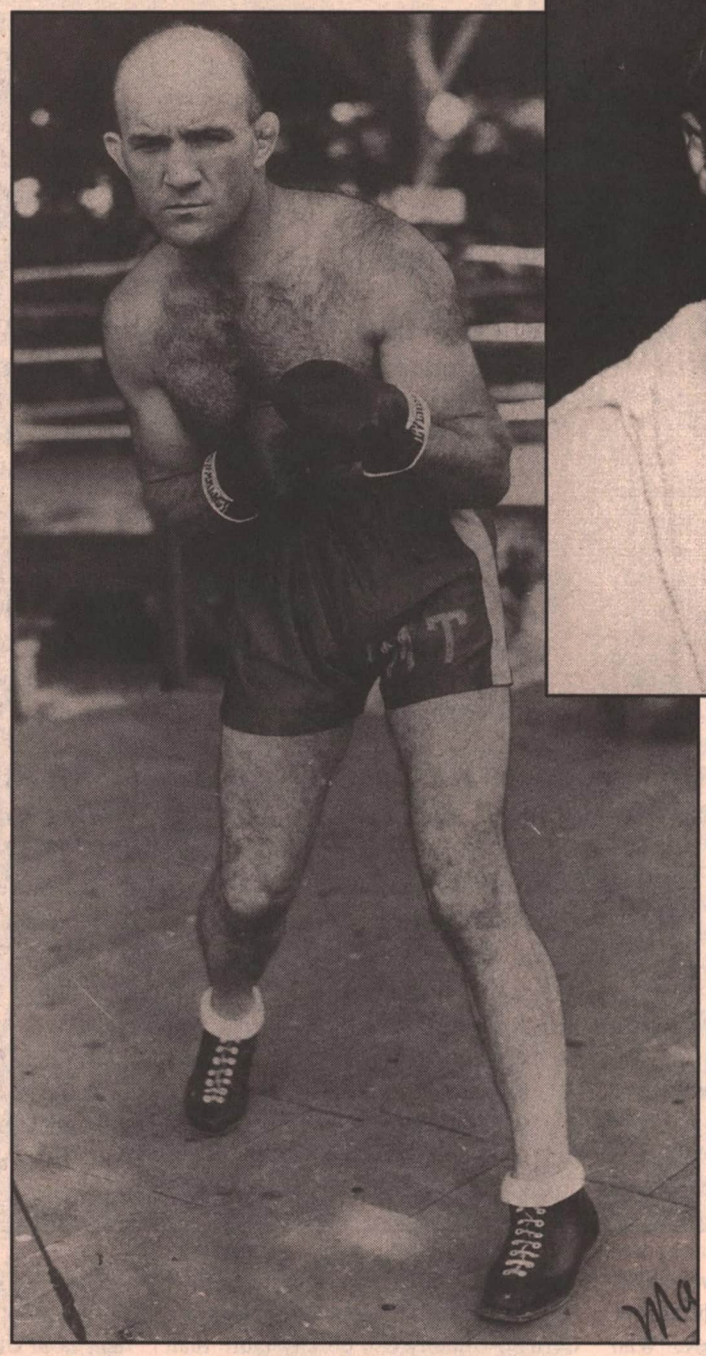
A member of the Cerdan board of strategy, interpreter, and American representative, Lew, while ecstatic over Cerdan's capabilities, does not go out on a limb in placing the Moroccan at the very top of Europe's battlers.

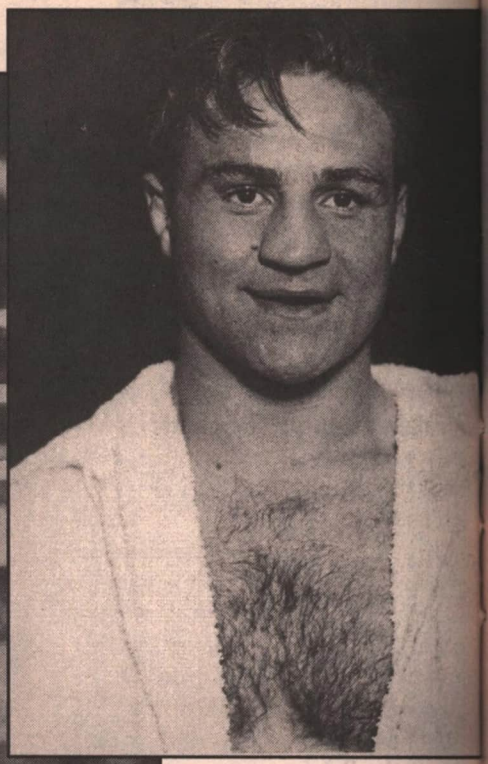
Jefferson Davis Dickson, the late "Tex Rickard of France," maintained to the end that Thil was the peer of all middleweights. Dickson referred to the records for substantiation, claiming that Thil was one of the few world champions worthy of the name, since he beat not only three U.S. titleholders, named previously, but such foreign formidables as British champions Len Harvey, Jock MacAvoy, Ted Moore, and Jack Hood; Spain's Ignacio Ara; Germany's Eric Seelig; Italy's Leone Jacovacci and Oddone Pazza; Belgium's DeVos, and Cuba's Kid Tunero.

While duly respectful of Thil, Burston, longtime associate of Dickson in his foreign ventures, doesn't go quite as far as his one-time partner in his estimate of the rugged Frenchman.

"Thil was unusually strong and tough, a real bruiser," explains Lew. "Cerdan would have had too much speed for him. But what a war it would have been. I know Thil beat DeVos, but Rene was pretty well washed up at the time."

At his mention of Rene DeVos, Lew's face lit up. "Now there was a great fighter! I received a letter from him just this morning from Antwerp. And the fighters he beat! George Courtney—how I'd like to





Any discussion of European fighters who fared well against American counterparts must include former world middleweight champion Marcel Thil (left). The Frenchman beat, among others, Lou Brouillard, Gorilla Jones, and Vince Dundee. Also worthy of mention is Belgian middleweight and European champion Rene DeVos (above), who went five years without losing a bout.

have him today. Dave Shade—I don't have to tell you about him. K.O. Phil Kaplan, no contest. When the fight ended, Kaplan was on the floor. [DeVos] played with Harry Ebbetts, a great puncher.

"He'd never let me postpone a fight, no matter what happened. He ducked nobody, and what tough boys the middleweights were in those days!"

***

Lew's emotional outburst on behalf of DeVos could be well understood since he managed him, and the Belgian was one of the finest middleweights of the past 20 years. A resourceful, canny boxer who knew his business, and was game, rugged, and a fair puncher, he battled his way right through the best men of the era. He finally reached the point where, on December 28, 1928, he faced Ace Hudkins for the right to meet then-champion Mickey Walker in Madison Square Garden. The decision went against him in that one, an extremely close affair that many thought should have gone to the European champion.

Ace turned in one of the best fights of his career on that occasion, and he had to be at his peak to handle DeVos. Rene had one run of more than five years of boxing in which he did not lose a fight. He was invincible in Europe during the middle-'20s.

Today, back in his homeland, after having survived the rigors and hardships of the war-wracked '40s, he operates some sort of physical culture establishment. DeVos was also a fellow of considerable refinement and polish, so much so that for a time, millionaire Anthony Drexel Biddle of the distinguished Philadelphia family actually became one of his sponsors.

***

Lew's rapturous discourse on DeVos had been momentarily interrupted by the entry into his office of veteran promoter and manager Jess McMahon and former New York Giant first baseman Phil Weintraub. Greetings and felicitations all-around having been completed, Mr. McMahon eyed Lew and said, "You look all worked up, Lew, what's going on? No wonder the news services sent out the story that you cried in Cerdan's corner after he was floored in that Chicago fight."

This started Burston all over again.

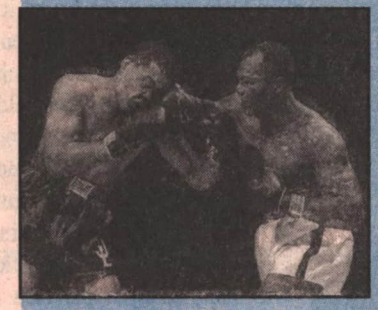
"I cried in his corner?" he fairly screamed. "How ridiculous! That went all over the world, too. Cerdan was miles ahead in that thing. He tired badly in the last round, got nailed, and went down once. The other two times it was more exhaustion than anything else. When he got back to his corner, I leaned over and whispered in his ear, 'Stand up, act alive, so it won't look like the bell saved you,' and the papers wrote that I was crying on his shoulder in the corner!"

Although he appears to have been below par in his most recent go against the little-known Polish-Frenchman Lucien Krawsyck, Marcel Cerdan is easily the most colorful European fighter since Gorgeous Georges Carpentier. One hesitates to predict the gate potentialities in a bout between Cerdan and Ray Robinson. A half-million dollars seems almost a certainty. A title match with Cerdan in the challenger's role also seems a sure shot to reach that figure.

The future really looks rosy for the colorful clouter from Casablanca. ■

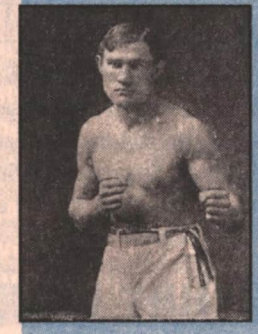
THE RING, June 1948

The Cover: Stanley Weston, who in 42 years would become publisher of THE RING, draws light heavyweight champion Gus Lesnevich. The 175-pound king kept the title throughout the war, and has since defended against Freddie Mills and Billy Fox (twice).



Louis-Walcott II: Daniel M. Daniel analyzes the heavyweight championship return bout between titleholder Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott. Last December, Louis edged Walcott by controversial 15-round decision. Both fighters are 34 years old and seemingly past their primes.

The Rubber Match: Is middleweight champion Rocky Graziano ready for his third meeting with former titlist Tony Zale? Jersey Jones tries to answer the question. One thing's for sure: After a lengthy layoff, Graziano needed a tuneup, and in April, he outpointed Sonny Horne.



Death Of A Champ: February 8 saw the passing of former middleweight champion Frank Klaus, who reigned for seven months in 1913. Klaus, a native of Pittsburgh, faced the best of two divisions, including Billy Papke, Georges Carpentier, Stanley Ketchel, Jack Dillon, and George Chip.

Fighter Of The Month: The honors belong to flyweight champion Rinty Monaghan. On March 23 in Belfast, the Irishman cleared up the muddled 112-pound picture by stopping Jackie Paterson in seven rounds. Monaghan had previously reigned as NBA champion. ■

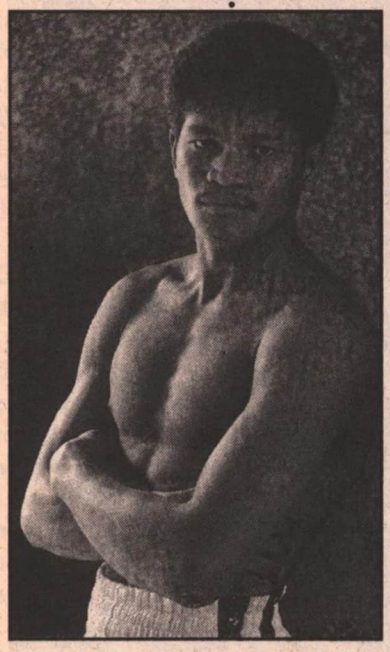
LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

Rosenblatt: Bracing for Pazienza

DANA & THE DEVIL

Vinny Pazienza-Dana Rosenblatt sounds like an ethnic matchup from the '30s. What's really at stake, however, is not ethnic pride, but local bragging rights. In New England, the devilish Paz, who hails from Cranston, Rhode Island, has been The Man for years. At 28-0 (21), Rosenblatt, a native of Malden, Massachusetts, appears ready to challenge for that title. After Rosenblatt's kayo of 40-year-old Howard Davis Jr. in April, both camps dove head-first into serious negotiations. As we went to press, it was anticipated Paz, 40-6 (27), and Rosenblatt would trade punches in August or September, at either the FleetCenter in Boston or the Convention Center in Atlantic City. The bout will likely be a pay-per-view event, with both battlers to earn close to half-a-million dollars.



Espinosa: A stern test ahead

"[Pazienza] is the guy to beat, but people here think he's a lot more than he is," said Rosenblatt, a middleweight who will rise to 165 pounds to take on his 168-pound rival. "The difference will be my natural physical strength and power. He's 5'7" and 168 pounds. Those numbers don't mesh."

"I already hate him," said Paz, who hasn't fought since being stopped by Roy Jones in June 1995. "I'm definitely gonna give him his first loss.

LISTEN UP

WBC featherweight champion **Luisito Espinosa**, who's already reigned longer than expected, will make his second defense against mandatory challenger **Cesar Soto** on July 8. Should be a war ... As we went to press, it appeared **Michael Moorer** and **Axel Schulz** would square off for the vacant IBF heavyweight title in Berlin on June 22. Unless, of course, lawyers representing the recently stripped **Frans Botha** have their way ... IBF featherweight champion **Tom Johnson** told us he's probably going to take on undefeated British sensation **Naseem Hamed** this summer. Money talks, so the bout will be held in England ... IBF junior lightweight champion **Arturo Gatti** is in desperate need of an easy defense. As a result, mandatory challenger **Tracy Patterson** may instead try for WBC titlist **Azumah Nelson** ... From the All-Is-Fair Department: **Sugarboy Malinga** wins the WBC super middleweight title by surprising Nigel **Benn**, so it's Benn who is about to secure the big-money fight with **Steve Collins**, with Malinga relegated to a defense on the undercard.

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Pernell Whitaker	Felix Trinidad	7-5	Great fight. Let's get it on!
Pernell Whitaker	Ike Quartey	9-5	Great series available at 147 pounds
Michael Moorer	Axel Schulz	3-1	3-1 in Europe, 4-1 or higher in America
Dana Rosenblatt	Vinny Pazienza	Pick-'em	Close fight at 168, Dana wins at 160

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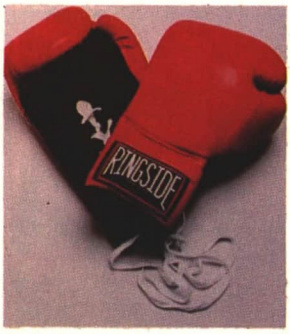

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